

Brian Crozier on
DIPLOMATS AS SPIES
 — See page 21

NATIONAL REVIEW

What Demosthenes Could Whisper to Reagan

Chris Lamb

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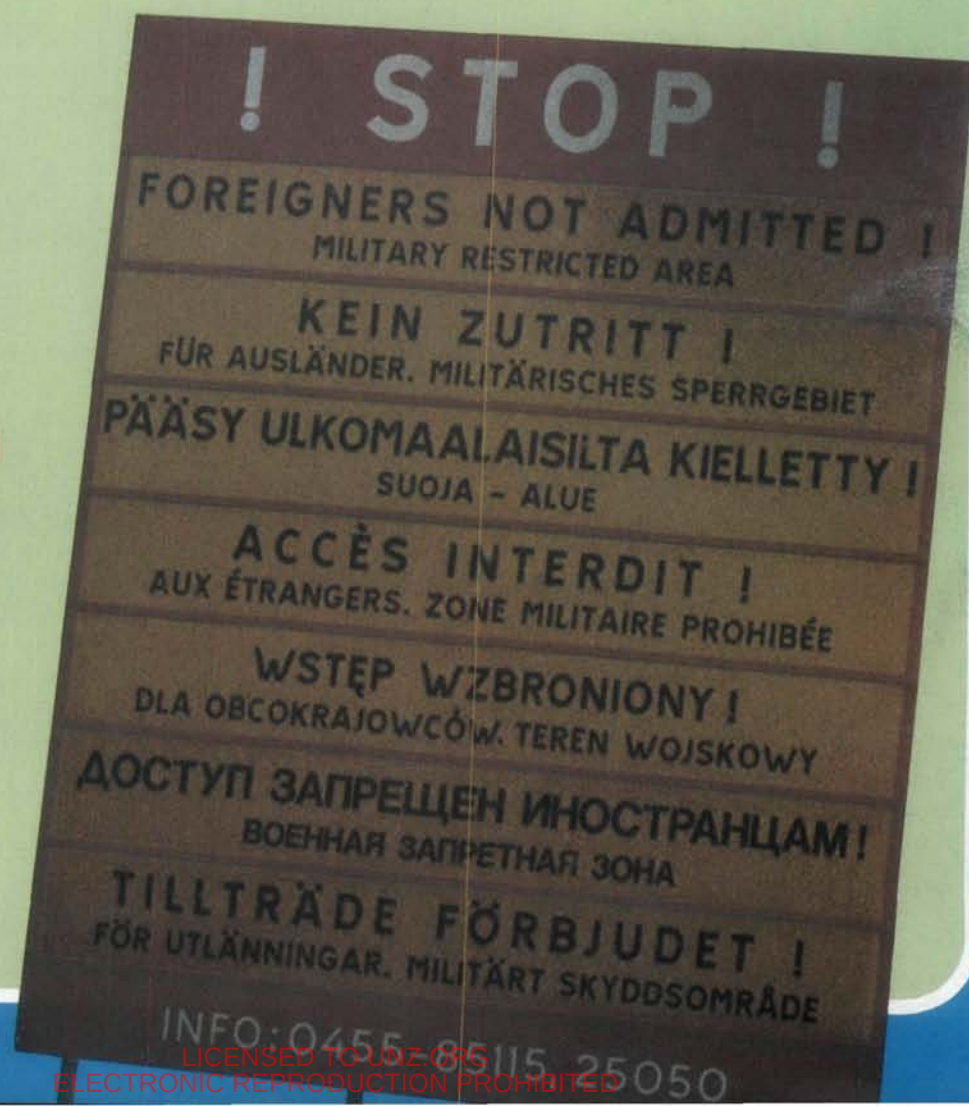
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**WHY
 CAN'T
 IVAN
 READ?**

Stuart Y. Silverstein

Also in this issue:

Beichman, Bridges,
 Mano, McSherry,
 Meyers, Teachout,
 Williamson



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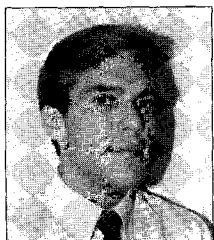
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NATIONAL REVIEW



LAMB 22



SILVERSTEIN 27



McSHERRY 31



BRIDGES 34

THE COVER

22 What Demosthenes Could Whisper To Reagan

The great orator and the Great Communicator have a lot in common: their situations and problems, their philosophies and insights, their mission of awakening lethargic democracies to the true character of an insatiable enemy. It remains for Mr. Reagan to avoid one crucial parallel. Otherwise, the rest will hardly matter.

Chris Lamb

27 Why Can't Ivan Read?

The Soviets are leaning on Sweden in a manner not only unpleasant but downright ungrateful. It's pretty bitter medicine. Even Olof Palme is starting to talk tough these days. If only his voice didn't squeak.

Stuart Y. Silverstein

ARTICLES & COLUMNS

20 Middle East Breakthrough?

After 15 months of benign neglect, the Administration is launching a peace-making mission. All the ingredients are there—except one.

John McLaughlin

21 This Spying Business

The Soviets shoot down planes and kill Western soldiers. Why be squeamish about expelling their spies?

Brian Crozier

31 The Hong Kong Connection

Between five and seven million people live in Hong Kong. Where will they be in 1997?

Mary McSherry

34 Cubs Lose, Philly Wins

"Varieties of Conservative Thought in the Eighties" was the theme, but if you think the Philadelphia Society stuck to it, you're way out in Wrigley Field.

Linda Bridges

38 No Fun in the Sun

If this is Jamaica, how come Montego Bay looks like Turtle Bay?

Charles R. Kesler

40 NATO and the New Unilateralism

The Atlantic Alliance is 35 years old, and its critics are growing less and less pacific.

Michael A. Scully

BOOKS ARTS & MANNERS

- 41 In *This War Called Peace* three long-time Soviet-watchers (one of whom is *NR*'s Brian Crozier) examine how the Soviets wage peace. **Joseph Sobran** is impressed, by the Soviets and by the authors. . . . *Challenge to American Schools* is the "most intelligent book to be published on education in at least a decade," says our Mr. **Brooks**. . . . After reading *John Maynard Keynes*, **Terry Teachout** finds a crying need for a good book about John Maynard Keynes. . . . Emily Post wouldn't approve the letters of Ezra Pound and Wyndham Lewis, but **Jeffrey Meyers** does. . . . Herman Wouk's *Inside, Outside* examines the inner and outer lives of an American Jew. **Arnold Beichman** enjoys it inside and out. . . . **John Simon** sees three films, and doesn't give a single cheer. . . . **Nika Hazelton** lists four soon-to-be household words: the winners of this year's Great Delectations Contest. . . . The word is morphogenetics, and it has re-blocked **D. Keith Mano's** universe.

4 LETTERS

8 FOR THE RECORD

10 THE WEEK

36 help

51 THE RIGHT BOOKS

54 ON THE RIGHT

58 TRANS-O-GRAM

Cover design by Colleen Lawlor
Cover photo by Stuart Y. Silverstein



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LETTERS

On Self-Deception

In the wake of recent news coverage of Vietnam and of President Reagan's visit to Bitburg, Eugene Methvin's article on Hitler and Stalin ["Twentieth-Century Superkillers," May 31] helps answer some obvious questions. An attempt had to be made to explain the unbelievable double standard of our news media—and, apparently, large segments of our society. Although it was entirely predictable, it still surprised and offended me to see, first, friendly coverage of Vietnamese Communism, and then hostile coverage of our faithful allies the West Germans. While Mr. Methvin's approach does seem to rely rather heavily on psychoanalysis, his explanation of the double standard is helpful: We evade unpleasant truths about ourselves by seeing Hitler as totally alien and evil. Mr. Methvin also mentions the fact that Stalin's successors are still around, meaning that we've never got hold of their archives. I can think of a further implication of that fact: It is a great deal more comfortable for us to imagine that all evil is safely in the past than to face it in the present.

Martin Green
 New York, N.Y.

The Closed Door

I was reminded while reading "Ancient Gods and Cardboard Heroes," by Harold O. J. Brown [April 19], of C. S. Lewis's 1954 Cambridge inaugural lecture; Lewis would agree with Mr. Brown about post-Christian culture: We cannot come out by the same door we went in.

"A post-Christian man," Lewis wrote, "is not a Pagan: You might as well think that a woman recovers her virginity by divorce. The post-Christian is cut off from the Christian past and therefore doubly from the Pagan past." No, "Christians and Pagans had much more in common with each other than either has with a post-Christian. The gap between those who worship different gods is not so wide as that between those who worship and those who do not."

In our time it is not a relapse into Paganism that threatens, but a loss of belief of any kind. As Brown rightly explains, what we need now is the "only thing that is really and truly from outside our culture"—the Word of God.

Dean Clancy
 Washington, D.C.

Dr. Brown suggests that our society's "unbelief" invites musicians and entertainers to "wallow in ugliness."

I submit that most of us, as recent polls show, believe in God. The reason we suffer the rock culture, and others like it, is that we live in a free society. Most of us enjoy freedom with responsibility, and some of us are licentious, but the former outshine the latter.

As to Dr. Brown's despair that our senses may have become "too gross to comprehend the Gospel," I should like to say that we are not a tyrannized people grasping at the promise of an ever joyful life after death. We are better fed, better clothed, better housed, better educated, and more morally astute than any society the world has yet seen.

The gift of life and the privilege of living in a free society in a world of beauty, whatever the challenges, are of deepest satisfaction. We remain spiritually aware, but the opportunity we have to provide the creature comforts for ourselves, and for those we deem worthy, makes us much less easily exploitable by despots, secular or religious.

Jessie P. Larson
 Glens Falls, N.Y.

The Unselfish War

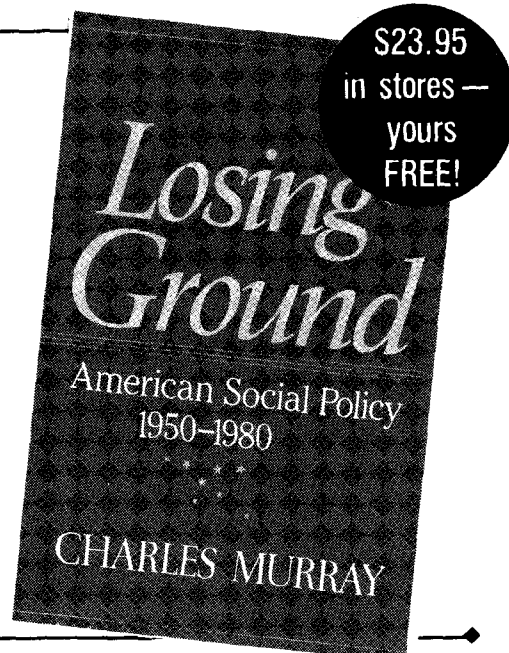
I consider John P. Roche's "The Demise of Liberal Internationalism" [May 3] the best analysis of the U.S. involvement in Vietnam ever to come into my hands. I was born in 1958—too late to be drafted for the conflict, but too early to miss the horror reports each evening of the casualties. Consequently, the Vietnam War has always been something of an enigma to me; the "peaceniks" even more so. Americans of my age were never given much of an explanation. So many fought and died so far away. So many others seemed to hate them for it.

Mr. Roche's article has given that perspective on the conflict which I have always desired. I agree with him that the demise of liberal internationalism is a "selfishness." Communism has never winced from practical application of its disregard for human life. American involvement may at times necessarily have to combat this, even at great cost. If such times come, I hope, with Mr. Roche, the cost will be afforded.

Douglas Morin
 Lincoln, Neb.

"Murray... has finally and unanswerably demolished both the moral and the practical claims of the welfare state"

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This breakthrough book is making conservatives purr and liberals squirm . . .

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"Irrefutable." —John Chamberlain, syndicated column

"Without bile and without rhetoric, it lays out a stark truth that must be faced." —*Business Week*

"Devastating. . . . Those who already believe welfare is a poverty trap that undermines independence, ambition, and upward mobility will find Charles Murray's new book a powerful and well-documented affirmation of that belief." —*National Review*

"A great book. Others have recently made the same argument. . . . But Charles Murray's version . . . is particularly convincing. He writes with flair, but his tone is steadfastly nonpartisan; he marshals an immense amount of data . . . but never loses the reader in numbers; and he never ventures a conclusion for which he has not laid the most elaborate and convincing groundwork. . . . By the time Mr. Murray gets around to conclusions, even devotedly non-Reaganite yuppies will be ready to agree. . . . James Coleman, the University of Chicago sociologist, is quoted on the dust jacket . . . as saying 'future discussions of social policy cannot proceed without taking the arguments and evidence of this book into account.' Dust-jacket puffery is notorious, but in this case the compliment is, if anything, restrained. Mr. Murray's book is so well wrought that it is likely to dominate those discussions well into the 1980s." —*Wall Street Journal*

"Murray unabashedly asserts that slashing social spending is the greatest favor the Government can bestow upon the poor. . . . Conservatives have made that argument before, but no one has documented it as thoroughly as Murray does." —*Time*

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Marshall B. Coyne

I appreciated John P. Roche's fine article on Vietnam and especially his efforts at presenting the facts as they appeared at the time and his avoidance of pure hindsight. How refreshing to see in print that America entered an unselfishly motivated war fought for "the freedom of a bunch of unfamiliar Asians at the end of the world."

As to picking the fork-in-the-road decisions that led to defeat, there is one obvious omission: the presidential election of 1964, when the "peace" candidate was chosen over the man who understood that wars must be fought and not policed. Certainly Vietnam was not the only issue of the Johnson-Goldwater race, yet the vote was the key decision regarding the war that was made by the American public. Had the Arizona senator won, the Republic of Vietnam would, in all probability, have been preserved. Similarly, Nicaragua might today be colored quite differently if the 1976 presidential election had swung the other way.

Robert T. Meacham
Birmingham, Ala.

Heel or No Heel

One of the difficulties of those who believe that evolution and the survival of the fittest presage the onward and upward progress of mankind is that if one asks them who are the fittest, one is apt to get the answer, Those who survive. In his article "The Achilles Heel of F. A. Hayek" [May 17], Marlo Lewis discerns this kind of circular reasoning in Hayek's thinking, especially in his essay "Our Moral Heritage," where he seems to defend the institutions of private property and the family and the virtue of honesty on the basis of their durability in civilized society. Pretty clearly this does not ground morality in "the laws of nature and of nature's God," which Mr. Lewis considers essential.

While I am personally sympathetic to his point of view, I nevertheless feel this essay taken as a whole does grave injustice to Hayek. No one reading his *Road to Serfdom* and his *Constitution of Liberty* can doubt Hayek's deep moral commitment to the principle of liberty under law and to the market as a collaborative process in human affairs. It is worth noting that in founding the Mont Pelerin Society, he held out for calling it the Acton-Tocqueville Society, indicating his broad catholicity and his respect for two philosophers with indubitable moral credentials. Finally, if I must choose between doers of the Word and those who, however versed in the logic of Aristotle and the Schoolmen, have nevertheless all too often underwritten the corporate and

servile state—if that is my choice, I must, to vary the metaphor, side with the sons of Martha as against the sons of Mary.

Fortunately, as a Christian and incidentally as a reader of NATIONAL REVIEW, this is not my choice. From its inception, and especially in the writings of the late Frank Meyer, your publication has seen the imperious need for reconciling the views of those who sometimes load off too much onto that old packhorse, Utility, and those who seek higher spiritual verities. This is the genius of the conservative synthesis; and had Hayek not rescued us from the clutches of modern liberalism, the synthesis might never have been accomplished. Achilles heel or no, he remains one of the few authentic intellectual heroes of our time.

John A. Davenport
Middletown, N.J.

Personal Matters

As an avid reader of NR and a member of the Jewish religion, I was embarrassed by your gushing encomium on Lewis Lehrman and your glee at his recent conversion from Judaism to Catholicism ["The Week," May 17]. A man's religion is an intensely personal choice, not an excuse for a national magazine to pontificate about the relative "truth" or merit of Catholicism and Judaism. Nor are Mr. Lehrman's personal views about religion any more relevant because he is a "genuine intellectual . . . who takes ideas seriously and acts upon them." I certainly hope that NR does not thereby seek to assert that if more Jews "took ideas seriously" and went through "a process of intense reflection" they too would convert to Catholicism.

Joel Samuels
San Francisco, Calif.

Count Them

Mr. John Simon, in his review of the film *King David* [May 3] said: "What remains on screen suffers noticeably from two plagues (granted, five fewer than were visited upon Egypt)." What Mr. Simon meant to write was "eight fewer" than were visited upon Egypt. Egypt suffered *ten* plagues, not seven. *Vide*: 1) water to blood, 2) frogs, 3) gnats, 4) flies, 5) murrain, 6) boils, 7) hail, 8) locusts, 9) darkness, and 10) death of the first-born (Exodus 7-12).

The mistake in the Simon review only proves, once again, that the Bible is inerrant in all things upon which it touches, while NATIONAL REVIEW is only in political matters.

Terrence Neal Brown
Memphis, Tenn.

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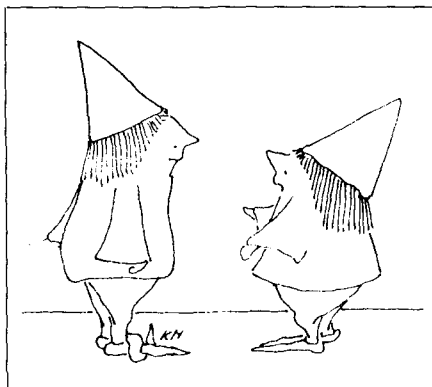
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FOR THE RECORD

Guess what? Bitburg has ended up, so say the polls, as a plus for **Ronald Reagan**. Various post-Bitburg polls put his approval rating at 55 to 57 per cent, three to four points higher than at start of German trip. That boost reflects the national belief that the press and opposition groups overplayed their hand. . . . *U.S.A. Today* poll shows that 61 per cent of Americans thought the Bitburg visit "had been blown out of proportion." . . . *Gallup's* latest soundings show that 37 per cent of Americans now identify themselves as Democrats, 35 per cent as Republicans, 28 per cent as independents. The figures two years ago were: 44 per cent Democrats, 31 independents, 25 Republicans. . . . And that switcheroo is affecting the politicians too, e.g., in last fortnight: Wayne County (Mich.) Chief Executive **William Lucas** has changed parties, will probably run for governor next year as Republican. . . . In Texas, former Democratic Rep. **Kent Hance**, who lost a tight primary to liberal **Lloyd Doggett** (who in turn lost to Democrat-turned-Republican **Phil Gramm** in last year's Senate race), is now a Republican. Former **LBJ** press spokesman **George Christian** commented, re Hance's defection, that "the national [Democratic] Party keeps digging itself into a deeper hole and it takes real valor to stay with them." . . . In South Carolina, Democratic State Rep. **Farkis Clonkman** says he will be running for Congress in the 12th CD next year on GOP ticket. "I just woke up one morning and realized I was in the wrong party." . . . Now there's talk that former Gov. **Edward King** of Mass. may also take a walk and run again as a Republican. . . . And in Alabama, former State Rep. **Don Collins** lobs this one into the air: "Don't rule out **George [Wallace's]** becoming a Republican," he told *Human Events*. . . . To make all this ultra-visible, White House is planning a party for the hundred-odd Democratic politicians who have jumped



"If Star Wars is so stupid, why are the Soviets so worried by it?"

ship since Captain Reagan took the helm.

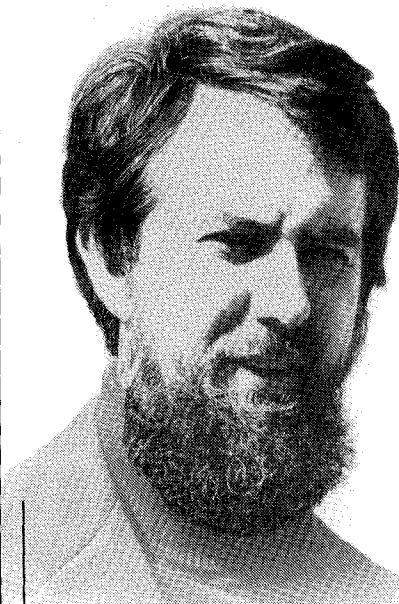
Yale sociologist **Jonathan Rieder** believes the Democrats are losing followers on cultural issues. His soundings among Italians and Jews in the Canarsie section of Brooklyn (a longtime solid Democratic neighborhood) have found that they now associate liberalism with "profligacy, spinelessness, malevolence, masochism, elitism, fantasy, anarchy, idealism, softness, irresponsibility, and sanctimoniousness." (Wish we'd said that!) The term Republican, he adds, "has acquired connotations of pragmatism, character, reciprocity, truthfulness, stoicism, manliness, realism, hardness, vengeance, strictness, and responsibility." . . . **Godfrey Sperling**, the veteran *Christian Science Monitor* Washington correspondent, says what the Democrats need above all is an acknowledged leader, a spokesman. **Carter** and **Mondale** can be dismissed as has-beens; **Cuomo**, **Kennedy**, and **Hart** are reaching for the standard but haven't made it; and DNC chairman **Paul Kirk**, Sperling points out, is unknown outside the party. . . . Incidentally, a *Chicago Tribune* early-bird poll of 46 Democratic state chairmen shows Gary Hart and Mario Cuomo tied for candidate in '88 with twenty votes each, and Kennedy and Sen. **Dale**

Bumpers (D., Ark.) tied with three each. . . . On GOP side, it's the usual one-two: **George Bush** and **Jack Kemp**. But Senate Majority Leader **Robert Dole** has met with GOP pollster **Richard Wirthlin** to see how to make it one-two-three.

Tears we bet were never shed: At Vietnam victory celebration May 5 at New York's Washington Irving High School, **Dave Dellinger** told joyful crowd of appeasers, defectors, peace-niks, and fellow-travelers that, 24 hours earlier, "I was sitting in the old presidential palace in Ho Chi Minh City with [Vietnamese prime minister] **Pham Van Dong**. And tears came to his eyes when he told the people there of the important contributions of the American antiwar movement. He said to me: 'When you go back and speak at that rally, I want you to say to them that from the bottom of my heart, I, Pham Van Dong, thank you for your friendship.'" . . . Same week, in Geneva, Commission on Refugees reported that in last ten years 550,000 South Vietnamese have gone to sea in boats to escape Dave Dellinger's peaceful Vietnam. . . . Most reliable figure is that 65,000 have died or been executed in re-education camps, not to mention **Pol Pot's** two to three million murders. . . . At that New York rally, **Jesse Jackson** found another victim of Vietnam. **Martin Luther King Jr.**, said Jackson, "first spoke against that war on April 4, 1967, and was assassinated exactly one year later." . . . In *Christian Science Monitor* column former State Department spokesman **John Hughes** rebuked U.S. television for allowing itself to be manipulated once again by Hanoi in filming Saigon victory parade. "What the Vietnamese cleverly engaged us in was the celebration of a peace that has brought no freedom, of a war's end that has meant misery for many thousands . . . [that has] imposed on the South a system so intolerable that it has triggered a massive exodus."

A bit close, that: 2.7 per cent of Rumanians in last election voted against Socialist Democracy and Unity Front (political arm of Rumanian CP), but there was no such fickleness in **Nicolae Ceausescu's** own district. There the vote was 73,027 to nothing.

Voices from South Africa



JOHN W. DE GRUCHY
Minister of the United
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Associate Professor of
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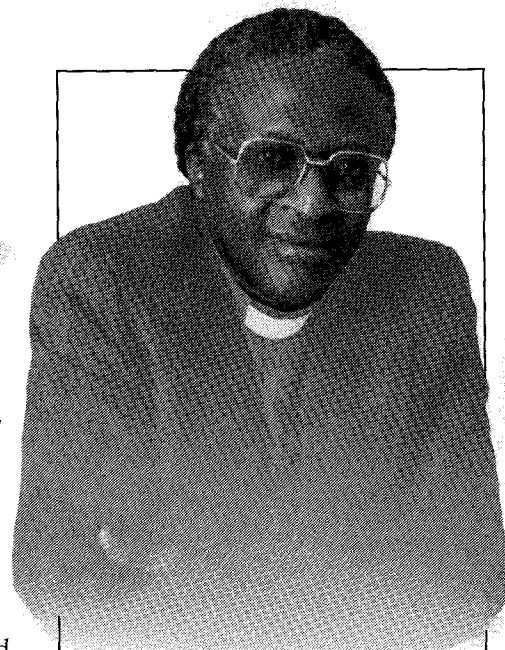
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THE WEEK

□ Boycott tulips.

□ Moderate Democrats, many of them from the South and West, have now formed a Leadership Council with the avowed intention of moving the party back into the American mainstream. Most recently, the council, led by Representative Gephardt of Missouri (a possible presidential candidate), conducted a swing through northern Florida, joined by many regional political leaders. The instincts of the council are sound, and its themes are similar to those articulated by national chairman Paul Kirk. The party's own in-depth polling data indicate massive national defections among the voters on the basis of "social issues" broadly construed. The Democrats have become anathema to white workers who feel penalized by reverse discrimination. The Democrats are perceived as the party of minority interest groups and of exotic themes such as lesbian rights. The term "San Francisco Democrats" has become an epithet, if not a sort of exhortation. But whether the entrenched interest groups and their New Class sponsors within the Democratic Party can be moved aside remains to be seen. It's schism time, we'd say, too bad!

□ Two more Democratic congressmen, George Miller of California and David Bonior of Michigan, have made the pilgrimage to Managua, where they held "private conversations" with Communist leaders—so private that U.S. Embassy officials were excluded. Evans & Novak report that the purpose of the trip was to seek Sandinista help for House Democrats, who have been embarrassed by Managua's open ties to Moscow at a time when the Democrats have been voting against aid to Nicaragua's anti-Communist forces. But the trip itself confirms that an important segment of the Democratic Party is now virtually a component of the international Left, the anti-Reagan popular front. The obvious impropriety of these Democrats' conducting their own foreign policy in cooperation with America's enemies is only the surface manifestation of their ideological disorder. It is no coincidence that the remaining conservative Democrats around the country are switching parties in droves.

□ There are a number of unsatisfactory things about the bombing out of the nutty MOVE group in Phila-

delphia. MOVE—the letters apparently stand for nothing—is an aberration, a freakish late-Sixties holdover. Brought together in 1972 by a black third-grade dropout and a white social worker, the latter-day Adamites live in houses filled with excrement and rats, and disdain soap and doctors. They had their first brush with Philadelphia authorities in 1978, consisting of a months-long Mexican standoff in which a policeman was killed. More recently the group occupied itself by building a bunker atop its latest house, and shouting threats and obscenities through bullhorns at the neighborhood. Mayor W. Wilson Goode had an opinion from his district attorney as much as half a year ago asserting that the house could be legally searched; nothing was done. When, after prolonged gunfire and battering with water cannon, the MOVE house was finally bombed, fire trucks had not been put on call. Philadelphians have responded generously to the plight of MOVE's innocent neighbors, whose houses burned in the ensuing blaze. Meanwhile, it seems, MOVE has bought two more houses; in one of them, the windows have already been boarded up from within. If the civil libertarians will let us—no, if the civil-libertarian ethos that we seem finally to have internalized will let us—couldn't these incipient rats' nests be cleaned out ahead of time?

□ The American role at the upcoming Moscow Book Fair is, as usual, a mess—but this year a slightly different kind of mess. Normally, you see, the Soviet authorities exercise their privilege of banning whatever books they wish—censoring them, that is—and the

Modified Rapture

If what's on first is Teddy
And Cuomo's up at bat,
While other members of the team
Look bored or too old-hat,
It doesn't take a pollster
To indicate why fans
Are screaming for their money back
And throwing Pepsi cans.

W. H. VON DREELE

American exhibitors submit. Aaargh. Well, this year all went smoothly with the Soviet censors, but the exhibitors are crying "Censorship!" at . . . the U.S. Government! A committee, headed by novelist Kurt Vonnegut, has selected 313 titles for the American exhibit. The exhibitors applied for and received a grant of \$50,000 from a federal agency, the National Endowment for Democracy, established by Congress in 1983 to promote democratic values. Endowment chairman Carl Gershman, a sensible and experienced social democrat, took a look at the Vonnegut list, and retched. Soviet visitors to the fair will not learn from the Vonnegut committee's books that there are Americans who support, for example, deterrence, or resistance to Soviet thrusts in the Third World; Seymour Hersh is in, Henry Kissinger is out. Vonnegut says he was tired. Senator Moynihan is demanding an apology from Gershman. The exhibitors, who willingly submit to Soviet censorship, are accusing Gershman of censorship for demanding "balance." They are also holding a gun to Gershman's head: They are threatening not to take the taxpayers' \$50,000. Egad! That sounds to us like an offer Mr. Gershman cannot refuse.

□ Conceived by the Reagan Administration in 1981, Radio Martí has been long delayed by bureaucratic and ideological resistance, as well as by the influence of commercial broadcasters who feared that their own programs would be jammed by Castro in retaliation. But, at long last, the station has begun to broadcast fourteen and a half hours per day. As authorized by Congress in 1983, it will operate under the Voice of America and will be required to be a "consistently reliable and authentic source of accurate and comprehensive news," a noble aim that, if achieved, would be a historic first in broadcasting. Cubans have heard largely what Castro wants them to hear, and this prospective breach of their epistemological isolation must therefore be applauded. Both critics and proponents of Radio Martí have adopted a wait-and-see attitude.

□ Communist guerrillas in El Salvador, faced with a deteriorating military situation and growing unpopularity, have adopted a new tactic. In recent months they have kidnapped a dozen mayors and killed two. One newly elected mayor was kidnapped and released with a warning from his abductors against taking office. He did so anyway. They returned and murdered him. Edgar Mauricio Valenzuela of the village of San Jorge was only one of the most recent of the tens of millions of victims of Communism, but his courage deserves at least the tribute of a passing mention in the endless war liberalism endlessly refuses to acknowledge.

□ The recent sweeping victory of the Social Democratic Party (SPD) in the West German state of North

Rhine-Westphalia was bad news for Chancellor Helmut Kohl, but not unmitigated bad news for Germany. The Christian Democratic Union (CDU) had after all gone into the race as the underdog, the Social Democrats having controlled the big industrial state since 1966. But the margin between them widened in this election. The SPD won an absolute majority in the state legislature, increasing its vote by nearly 7 per cent from its showing five years earlier, while the CDU vote dropped 4 per cent. The reason was largely economic. North Rhine-Westphalia, in Germany's Rustbelt, has an unemployment rate of 11 per cent, two points higher than the national average. But it was a distinct gain for the Christian Democrats that in the third state election in a row the Green crazies failed to win the minimum 5 per cent that would qualify them to sit in the legislature, while the CDU's junior partner, the Free Democrats, made it with 6 per cent of the vote. Even more important, the big personal winner of the day was SPD state leader Johannes Rau, who now becomes very visible as the probable SPD candidate to run against Kohl in 1987. In the Social Democratic spectrum, Rau is a centrist—a Helmut Schmidt, a Harold Wilson—while Saarland leader Oskar Lafontaine is a Willy Brandt or a Tony Benn. Until the North Rhine-Westphalia vote, Lafontaine's star was in the ascendant.

□ Round and round and round she goes in the mixing bowl that is Italian politics. The latest regional elections saw the fortunes of the Communists go down, the fortunes of the Christian Democrats go up, which apparently means that the government of the Socialist Bettino Craxi, whose party represents 13.1 per cent of the people, is safe for some months to come. If the Communists had overtaken the Christian Democrats (they are only about four points apart), they would have demanded representation in the cabinet and that would have meant good-bye Craxi. But now everything's rosy, and Italy's 44th government since World War II has a good chance of setting a new longevity record.

□ Nicaragua's Daniel Ortega is said to be complaining privately that House Democrats have become an embarrassment to his government.

□ Richard Cohen, a *Washington Post* columnist, recently gave a talk titled "What's Wrong with the New Right?" at a local Unitarian Church. What's wrong with the New Right is that it has, saith Mr. Cohen, "an essential core of racism." Of all the rotten luck, Mr. Cohen found that John Lofton of the *Washington Times* was sitting in the audience. Mr. Lofton asked for names of some racists in this essentially racist movement. Mr. Cohen ducked the question and asked Mr. Lofton to phone him later. Mr. Lofton phoned him later. Mr. Cohen named Jesse Helms as a

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

AS CONGRESS heads into the Memorial Day recess, and the stormy contention over the budget and tax reform abates, a couple of political items are making their way to the intrigue level of Washington's calculating psyche. The conversion of Michigan's William Lucas to the Republican Party is already sparking speculation that the polished and able Wayne County Chief Executive will seek the GOP nomination for governor in 1986. This party switch already makes the 57-year-old Lucas the GOP's highest-ranking elected black official, with an obvious and natural party leadership role. After announcing his decision in Detroit on May 8, Lucas came to Washington and was conspicuously feted by the national Republican leadership.

The conversion had been gestating for some months and was timed to coincide with two related phenomena: the switch of another Democrat, former U.S. Representative Kent Hance of Texas, and the proclamation of Operation Open Door, the large-scale Republican proselytization plan whereby registered Democrats are made aware of how easy, rewarding, and enlightened it is to come over. [See also "For the Record."] Representative Jack Kemp—the guru of economic growth, so popular with the rising black middle class—played a critical role in Lucas's switch, having met with him several times in Michigan. Kemp is also spearheading the missionary effort among other leaders in the Democratic Party, who, it is hoped, will bring the masses

with them through the open door when they convert.

Obviously Lucas's switch has not endeared him to the black Democratic establishment, the leaders of which paid their dues and earned their stature the long and hard way, i.e., by dumping systematically on Republicans and conservatives. Lucas did not meet with the Black Caucus while in Washington, and he is being attacked by former party mates like Detroit Mayor Coleman Young, who said that Lucas has as much chance of being elected governor of Michigan as Jesse Jackson had of winning the 1984 presidential nomination.

But most politicians here don't agree with Mayor Young. Lucas has extraordinary appeal among Michigan voters; he won his last election (1982) with 77 per cent of the vote. Wayne County is Michigan's largest (pop. 2.3 million) and the nation's third largest. Many Washington insiders think that Lucas is rapidly becoming a shoo-in for the GOP nomination for governor to challenge incumbent James Blanchard, and that, come fall, he will throw his hat into the ring. "If Lucas can get 40 per cent of the black vote," says a Democratic Hill aide, "he will have a clean shot at winning the general election."

If that happens, and Lucas becomes the United States' first black governor, then for the Democrats it's Katy bar the door. "Lucas will be a national GOP spokesman, proof positive to all blacks and minorities that the two-party option is not white only," says a top political analyst here.

At one of Godfrey Sperling's chatty breakfasts, Senate Majority Leader Bob

Dole fueled speculation that his wife, Liddy, the Secretary of Transportation, wants to join him in the U.S. Senate, thus creating another historical first for the nation's Second Family. Allegedly Liddy, who grew up in North Carolina and graduated from Duke University, wants John East's Senate seat if East decides against filling out his term. Washington talk has it that Senator East's illness is more serious than hitherto reported. On heavy medication, the senator has not been seen by key members of his staff for weeks. North Carolina Republican Governor Jim Martin is said to be thinking of either Secretary Dole or Congressman Jim Broyhill (R., N.C.) if a vacancy occurs, making it possible for East's successor to run in 1986 as an incumbent. Otherwise Republicans may be hard pressed to hold on to the seat.

Of course, the Doles are aware of the obvious problems of two Senate campaigns, one in Kansas and the other in North Carolina, in the same year. The nearest historical parallel is likewise offputting. When Indiana Congressman Andy Jacobs married Kansas Congresswoman Martha Keys, the union helped defeat Miss Keys in a subsequent election. Although her defeat cannot be explained totally by her marriage, many voters thought Miss Keys's independence of judgment was affected by conjugality. The Jacobs/Keys marriage ended in splitsville, by the way.

Meanwhile, a report from the oddsmakers: the likelihood that Senator East will resign, 80 per cent; that Broyhill will be named to succeed, 50 per cent; Mrs. Dole, 10 to 20 per cent. If the Senate does not pan out for Liddy, there is always the Vice Presidency in 1988, but then she bumps into Jeane Kirkpatrick. —CATO

racist. Mr. Lofton asked for a racist word or deed of Senator Helms's. Mr. Cohen asked him to call again later. Mr. Lofton called again later. Mr. Cohen again asked him to call again later. This time Mr. Lofton asked for the information *now*. Mr. Cohen said, "Don't try to bully me!" and hung up. A few days later, Mr. Cohen wrote a column about overhearing anti-Semitic remarks at Harvard. He didn't name or directly quote the alleged anti-Semite. He mentioned a "resurgence of anti-Semitism," but again gave no examples. Mr. Cohen is trafficking heavily in phantom bigots.

□ George Roche has returned to serve full time as

president of Hillsdale College after an earnest four-year attempt to serve the nation in the Department of Education, where he was chairman of the National Council on Educational Research. He has regretfully confessed himself totally frustrated in that role: "I have become increasingly more convinced that federal efforts to intervene in the workings of the nation's schools are ill advised, wasteful, and counterproductive." The President's agenda of stimulating excellence in the nation's schools, he charges, has been obstructed rather than promoted by "misguided and misinformed 'educationalists' who have sacrificed traditional instruction in the 'three Rs' and respect for the Western cultural heritage in favor of pop psychology and be-

havior modification as the goals of schooling." Mr. Roche is a principled man who has maintained his undistracted sense of the ends of the institution he joined. His departure ought to sound alarm bells among conservatives who have tended to let the bureaucracies off too lightly for no better reason than that Our Guys are now heading them.

□ Chicago's Democratic Party is in such disarray that Mayor Daley may not even vote in the next election.

□ CORRECTION: In our commentary on the recent international youth conference in Jamaica ("The Week," May 17) we published a signed editorial by participant Laura Ingraham. This editorial contained a description of Roy Godson, a leader of the American delegation, as "a social democrat in the Willy Brandt sense of the term." Those words were not written by Miss Ingraham, but were distilled (incorrectly, we are led to believe) by the *NR* editor on duty in the course of making telephoned corrections on the original manuscript. We apologize to Mr. Godson for any implication that he is as carefree about Communist tyranny as Willy Brandt now is.

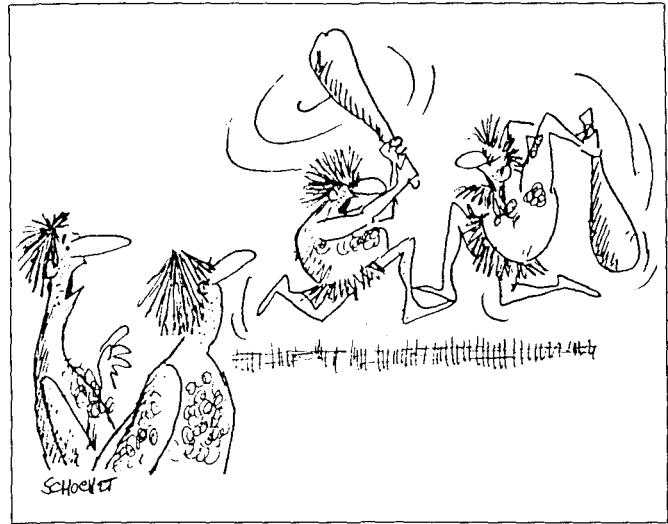
—ED.

Give-Back Time

BY THE TIME it got out of the Senate, the Dole/Domenici budget looked like Tippi Hedren being dragged out of the attic in *The Birds*: still barely alive, but bleeding from a hundred peck marks. Fifty, actually, because that was the number of senators whose votes had to be rounded up, and just about every one of them had to be bought off by restoring some Reagan budget cut. Senator Abdnor got rural electrification, Senator Zorinsky the farm programs, Senator Weicker the Small Business Administration, and so on for student loans, Amtrak, and the rest. This proves the wisdom of having proposed so many budget cuts in the first place: Even after paying off every senator in sight, there were still a few left over.

Those will be saved for further compromises with the House, which is readying its own package of even feebler budget cuts (10 per cent on a few truly indefensible programs, less for the others). The Reagan Administration lost some face on the defense issue, having accepted the freeze that the President was not long ago calling "irresponsible." (The Administration should take the cuts from the list of bases and weapons kept alive at Congress's insistence.) But the Democrats lost all their remaining face on the deficit issue by demonstrating that they object only to the composition of the deficit, not its magnitude.

The *Washington Post*, in a display of editorial candor, warned its readers that the original Reagan compromise budget "would accomplish many Administra-



Schochet / Rothco

"Those are our negotiators, and they are negotiating."

tion objectives that are not measured in dollars alone. Targeted for oblivion are the last vestiges of the War on Poverty—the Job Corps, community-action and legal-service agencies, job programs for welfare mothers and displaced workers, and economic-development aid. *The savings are relatively trivial.* [Emphasis added.] But they serve the conservative cause of dismantling federal programs that might arguably provide rallying points or a network of support for the economically disadvantaged and their liberal advocates."

That certainly sums it all up, doesn't it? Measured in terms of benefits to the poor, the cuts are indeed trivial. But they threaten the health of the great machine, the "network of support" stretching into every congressional district, that can be mobilized on short notice to win these budget battles.

On another compromise front, the Administration is getting ready to unleash Son of Treasury Tax Reform, and from the first reports it will have most of its parent's better features. The bad news is that the top rate of 35 per cent is not coming down, that some of the desirable indexing aspects are being dropped, and that the package will include the misbegotten "corporate minimum tax." The good news is that the impact of the capital-gains tax is being softened in other ways.

'Sexist' and 'Racist'

ONE KNOWS instinctively that anyone using the neologisms "sexist" and "racist," and other similar terms, is up to no good, but that instinctive sense of revulsion needs to be analyzed.

Recently, a federal civil-rights official, Paul D. Grossman, a regional attorney for the Education Department's Office for Civil Rights, dispatched a missive to Lola H. Harris, assistant chancellor at Berkeley. He enclosed items from the university course catalogue that might be considered "sexist." He proposed that

Life's Little Lessons

In Sweden, where they've raised the dole
To parity with heart and soul,
The ones who get are turning grey
Discovering it's they who pay.

W. H. VON DREELE

"synthetic" be substituted for "man-made" in one course description, that "mankind" become "human-kind" in another; "fossil man," he thought, ought to be changed to "fossil humanity" and "manpower" to "staff" or "personnel."

David A. Littlejohn, a professor of journalism, replied for the university. It would be best, except in rare cases, he said, to allow language to evolve according to normal daily usage; the imposition of new words leads to atrocities such as "freshperson" and "ombudsperson," and even the present adoption of "chair" or "chairperson" for "chairman" has gone too far. Professor Littlejohn denied that the syllable "man" refers exclusively to males, and concluded that "In no case should good English words, which are part of our common history and heritage, simply be legislated in and out of usage according to the whims of persons or groups who suddenly declare themselves 'offended.'"

Bravo, Littlejohn. And, yes, there are comic aspects here. One imagines a "civil rights" office full of Grossmans (no comment on last syllable) sitting at their desks reading college catalogues and vetting them for "sexism," a veritable Academy at Lagado. But, then, Grossman is a federal official and does not have to make an explicit threat to exercise power. Berkeley is secure enough to risk Littlejohn's reply—but how about Lesser University? And, migod, Grossman is an official in the *Reagan* Administration, and, not only that, he is an employee of William Bennett's Department of Education. If they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?

In charity, we choose to think that Mr. Grossman's own intentions are not vicious, but rather that he has willingly transformed himself into a cultural cliché.

Still: "sexist." The word itself represents rhetorical terrorism. It intends to collapse a variety of positions and modes into a single proscribed category. Anyone who disagrees with the feminist line, no matter how complex or how derived the disagreement may be—the disagreement, say, of George Gilder or, now, of David Littlejohn—can be read out of the discussion by being anathematized as "sexist." The term is more sinister than mere junk-thought. It means to foreclose argument on ideological grounds.

Viewed in that way, the term "sexist" is totalitarian. It resembles the earlier term "Trotskyist," which was

not limited in its application to followers of Leon Trotsky, but was applied as an anathema to anyone who differed from the line as laid down by Stalin.

Now too we have had Mr. William F. Gibson, chairman of the board of the NAACP, who recently discovered that President Reagan is "racist."

Martin Bormann might reasonably be said to have held special theories about race. But what Mr. Gibson means is that the Reagan Administration has been opposing racial quotas and reverse discrimination, urging a "color blind" and therefore explicitly *non-racial* approach to hiring, etc. Mr. Gibson's dialectic renders this *non-racial* position "racist." He applies the term, of course, in order to silence all arguments in opposition to reverse discrimination. Again we see cultural Stalinism.

Resistance to these rhetorical totalitarians is high on the agenda of civilization today. When you hear someone use such terms as "sexist," and "racist," you can be moderately sure that you are listening to a fool or a dupe of totalitarianism, or to a totalitarian.

The Invisible Left

JOHN CORRY has recently offered some penetrating remarks on media bias, all the more surprising for appearing in the *New York Times*. He doesn't think TV news is consciously, let alone conspiratorially, left-wing, but it does, "reflect a powerful element of the journalistic-literary-political culture." Jesse Helms is "routinely" described as right-wing, but Teddy Kennedy and Jesse Jackson are never left-wing. "This," Corry remarks, "is more than a matter of semantics."

He homes in: "Moral opprobrium is attached to the right wing; it is racist, imperialistic, and cruel. Meanwhile, the left wing is presumed not to exist, even though its ideas make up the moral and intellectual framework for a large part of the culture. The Center does not generate ideas; it only absorbs them. The Left becomes the only game in town this way, while the Right, isolated by the moral stigma attached to it, becomes the enemy of all good things."

"Television news fails when it accepts this and allows such values to dictate the news agenda. The values mean only that one must oppose the right wing: Support the nuclear freeze and press for affirmative action; oppose apartheid and rally against missiles. The culture knows what it favors because it knows what its enemies are against. Issues become indivisible. Journalism is supposed to make clear they may be separated. It is possible, for example, to oppose apartheid, even to campaign against it, and still call for missiles."

In allowing the political culture to shape its news judgment, Mr. Corry charges, "television becomes an accomplice of the Left." Beautiful. Now if he could only say it so Sam Donaldson could understand it.

Crime Manqué?

MANY LIBERALS are getting hysterical about "white-collar crime," and little by little you find out they generally speaking don't mean embezzlement, or bond forgery, or other crimes acknowledged as such by the business community. No, the archetypal "white-collar crime" is an oil company's "overcharging" in the 1970s: something that wasn't even illegal five years earlier, that involves *Fortune* 500 executives, and that consists essentially of trafficking with wide-awake consumers who know what they're getting. When Ralph Nader complains about "crime in the suites," he's almost always talking about *mala prohibita* rather than *mala in se*.

Which helps explain why the legal system is reluctant to give the liberals what they yearn for, namely, widespread imprisonments of regulatory violators. Most judges are uneasy about jailing inside-traders, for example, for a "crime" that is no crime in most other countries, was legal here within living memory, and is not considered an evil at all by the best law and economics scholarship. Former Defense Department official Paul Thayer is headed for jail because he obstructed a federal investigation, not because he tipped off his friends.

The crime of E. F. Hutton consisted of an elaborate form of check-kiting, or drawing on uncollected funds. Most people have done this sort of thing once or twice themselves, mailing a bill payment, for example, before going to the bank to deposit the paycheck to back it up. So long as the check is never intended to bounce, and doesn't, this is a pretty minor peccadillo. When it goes on in quantity, however, it deprives banks of "float," or interest on funds in transit, one of their most lucrative sources of income. The struggle to be on the right side of the float turns up all over the

economy; the Internal Revenue Service, which withholds taxes in January and refunds the money without interest the next spring, is the biggest culprit of all.

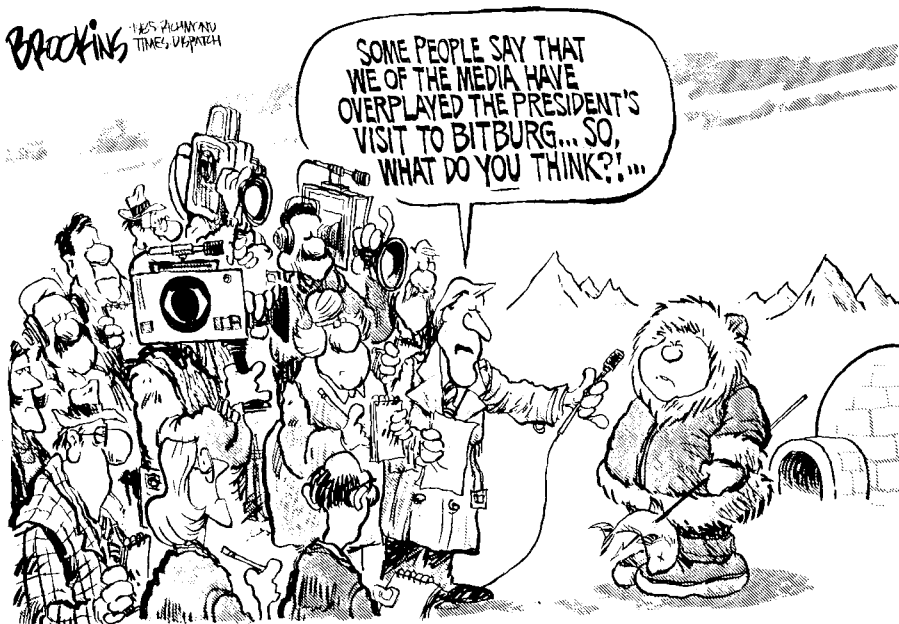
The crucial factor in the Hutton case was that many of the supposed victim banks reportedly knew what Hutton was doing but chose not to protest because, all things considered, Hutton was a profitable client to have. The question of who gets the profits from the float, in other words, is just one more negotiable term in people's relationships with banks. (Now if only we could negotiate with the IRS to get back *its* profits on the float . . .)

It is not surprising that some banks would like to establish a rule that they alone are entitled to the profits from the float, and that none may be given to their customers. They would go too far, however, if they sought to achieve this essentially regulatory objective by tossing Hutton executives in the hoosegow.

Jesse Jackson, Diplomat

WHILE PRESIDENT REAGAN was touring Europe, Jesse Jackson was also making the rounds, and what rounds they were. Before the European Parliament and other audiences, he denounced Star Wars, the embargo against Nicaragua, and the deployment of cruises and Pershings in Europe. He noted also that "the germ of genocide was not buried at Bitburg; it was transferred to Johannesburg." Before he left for Europe, he addressed a rally in New York commemorating the Vietnam War. "Our only joy is that the military occupation of that land is over" (among the guests at the rally was a delegation from the Socialist Republic of Vietnam, the present occupiers of South Vietnam, Cambodia, and Laos). After coming home, in an interview in Chicago, he stressed that "the same forces that are anti-Semitic in the morning, by 3 o'clock of that same day manifest their anti-blackness." Unless, of course, the force is Jackson's pal Louis Farrakhan, who will talk about "gutter religion" in the morning and "white devils" all the live-long day . . .

Enough. Enough of this fellow-traveling clown, this ignoramus. What is his continuing hold on us? That he was a first—the first black to run seriously for President? Well, the first third party was the Anti-Masonic Party. Cranks and kooks can also be firsts. But Jackson is not the *only* black politician in America, and among others it shouldn't be difficult to find one with a modicum of common sense. Jesse Jackson is a lout and a fraud. Give him the hook.



Three's Company, Four's a Crowd

GUESS WHO'S trying to build a "global empire"? No, not the Soviets, silly! It's Rupert Murdoch. The Australian-born "press baron" (as distinguished from "publishers," who are liberal) is slated to buy a set of seven major metropolitan TV stations from Metro-media Inc. Over the last few years, Mr. Murdoch has emerged as pro-capitalist and anti-Communist, and not everyone in the media welcomes his interest in television. As a matter of fact, a lot of self-styled pluralists who sing the praises of the melting pot of Irish, Italians, Jews, Asians, and blacks seem to be drawing the line at Australians. Jimmy Breslin of the *New York Daily News* refers to Mr. Murdoch as "the Alien."

In a way it was understandable that media people should have been anxious about Ted Turner's attempt to buy CBS recently. Apart from his political views, Mr. Turner would have probably shaken things up internally. Some people stood to lose positions they now hold.

The Murdoch case is different. The TV stations he has picked for purchase aren't network affiliates; he even aspires to create a sort of fourth network. He would add, not subtract. But by doing so he might just expose—and destroy—the media monopoly of liberalism. Without laying a hand on the big three, he would make them all look different. They sense this, and they fear and resent it.

From their point of view, their worries are justified. And for just these reasons, it would be a great watershed if either Ted Turner or Rupert Murdoch were to control or create a major network. The trouble with Murdoch, in liberal eyes, is not that he's Australian; it's that this "Alien" is pro-American.

The Pope in Holland

THE UNCIVILIZED, indeed un-Christian, reception accorded to John Paul II by Dutch "Catholics" raises questions concerning the Catholic Church that are not merely political but metaphysical in nature. While the non-Catholic press has insisted on reading the event as just another illustration of the extent to which the Church has become a house divided between its traditional and liberal wings, the truth is that the contraposition is a far more vital one, between those Catholics who remain of the Church and those who are not only no longer morally a part of it but have no idea of what a church—*any* church—really is.

"When people stay in the Church—and are the Church—you can say they have influence," a representative of a Dutch Catholic peace group said. The

influence is certainly undeniable, but *are* these people in fact "the Church"? Would an American Congress taken over by totalitarians really be "the American Congress"? As Flannery O'Connor remarked, after listening to fellow Catholics Robert Lowell and Katherine Anne Porter discuss the "meaning" of the Eucharist, which they discovered to be entirely poetic: "Well, if it's a symbol, to hell with it."

"If the Church makes unpalatable pronouncements," the Pope said, "it is because it is obliged to do so. It does so from honesty." But such an argument is compelling only to those who believe religious sustenance to lie in churchly reassurance of a transcendent reality, rather than in a politic acquiescence in temporal substitutions. "Being a Christian has never been an easy choice, and it never will be." Of course it isn't, and won't be: It was precisely the difficulty of Christ's message to men for which Dostoyevsky's Grand Inquisitor reproached Him. Do You really, he inquired contemptuously, think *they* want to hear *that*?

Nuclear Woes

THE NUCLEAR-POWER industry is at a—standstill is not exactly the right word; for the reactors in place continue to produce power, more safely than all other sources, and more cheaply than most. But the enormous growth envisioned by its planners and managers, and urged in *NR*'s special nuclear-power issue six years ago, has simply not occurred. The handy explanation is Three Mile Island. The accident indeed marked a shift in media, and to some extent in popular, opinion on the subject. But there have been other factors involved in the industry's listlessness, and they were examined in a recent issue of the business magazine *Forbes*.

Nuclear power has suffered in part from assumptions that were common to the whole energy industry—everyone, for example, was overestimating the future demand for electricity ten years ago. But it has also suffered from peculiar problems of its own, among which *Forbes* gives special emphasis to bad management and perverse regulation.

"The nuclear program is falling apart," *Forbes* quotes a consulting engineer. "Not on nuclear technology. It's falling apart on conventional construction, which I think is absolutely incredible." . . . The NRC [Nuclear Regulatory Commission] has a partial answer. 'In some cases,' an NRC study concluded, 'no one was managing the project, the project had inertia, but no guidance and direction.' The NRC's diagnosis may seem self-serving, but an Office of Technology Assessment study last spring came to the same conclusion: 'Inadequate management has been one of the major causes of construction cost overruns and erratic operation.' . . . Bechtel [for instance] installed the reactor backward at San Onofre . . . Brown & Root . . . got

the reactor supports 45 degrees out of whack at Comanche Peak."

"After Three Mile Island safety became an obsession. . . . The utilities had no choice but to adjust, in some instances tearing apart nearly completed plants to conform to the changes." *Forbes* quotes another consulting engineer: "An implicit 'perfection standard' was emerging as the NRC's expectation and measuring stick." . . . [NRC] requirements for documenting that a plant had met the proper quality standard . . . were exceptionally onerous, resulting in paperwork by the carload, microfilmed records by the millions."

Bad regulation affected even the financing. Utilities may not charge interest costs to their customers as they go. Instead, the interest is capitalized and added to the total cost of the project. "And so the costs of an unfinished plant expand and compound, and the longer a project takes, the more the cost compounds."

There is nothing in the *Forbes* article critical of nuclear power per se. It is safe, and can be cheap. Oil is still an uncertain energy source, and coal is still a dirty one; and solar power, beloved of the back-to-the-land Left, is still, for most practical purposes, no source at all. The rest of the world continues to invest more and more heavily in nuclear power. Often, their projects are designed and built by American companies. But American management—and American regulation—has failed the American people.

Scrutiny at Yale

AS LONG AGO as 1979, President Giamatti took advantage of his prestigious office to warn students against 'a storm' of 'spiritual violence' that 'blows across the landscape.' According to the eminent president of Yale, sinister conservative forces 'threaten through political pressure or public denunciation whoever dares to disagree with their authoritarian positions.' . . . Many who read President Giamatti's remarks, as excerpted in the *New York Times*, must have thought Yale was in danger of becoming an Ivy League equivalent of a seminary in Teheran. Could it be true, that liberal professors were having to change their phone numbers, to protect themselves and their families against right-wing threats? Were junior faculty members, slandered as being hostile to free enterprise, being denied tenure in unprecedented numbers? Were those enemies of freedom and peace, thin-tied revivalists and pinstriped bankers, incinerating the works of Marx, Lenin, and Stalin—to say nothing of those of Lindblom and Dahl—on the green before Sterling?"

Well, no, actually; it wasn't true. Liberal orthodoxy, in trouble and then in retreat in so many other places, was as firmly entrenched on campus as ever. Which is why *Scrutiny*, the journal from whose inaugural issue the preceding paragraph is quoted, has come into existence.

Please Read the Menu

Like Hitler, Lenin always scribbled
His menus down before he nibbled,
Thus giving entrées ample warning
Before the feast subversion morning.
On Lenin, liberals are hazy,
Although they read *Mein Kampf* like crazy.

W. H. VON DREELE

Scrutiny is a monthly. The first issue has articles on Richard John Neuhaus, Mario Cuomo, Arthur Laffer, modern art, the Supreme Court. The format is professional, the prose sprightly ("henceforth, we will refer to the interpretation of literature by men as *hismeneutics*"). *Scrutiny* is aimed, at least initially, at the Yale community—it is subtitled *A Journal of Dissent by Students and Alumni of Yale*—though readers in other places and age brackets may also elect to be edified (write *Scrutiny*, P.O. Box 491, New Haven, Conn. 06520). The editor, Michael Lind, a graduate student, has undertaken to shepherd his creation for three years, guaranteeing continuity—during which time *Scrutiny* is sure to set the standard for literate journalistic examination of liberal trends, particularly at the graduate level.

And so, for the zillionth time, we note the fertility of campus conservatives, and wonder, What has become of the young Left? What do they think? *Do* they think? If South Africa didn't exist, would they have to invent it? "The liberal soul," *Scrutiny* continues, "has become fat indeed for want of exertion . . . like a bloated orangutan staring sullenly from its confinement at the world, deprived of stimuli which competition provides. No doubt its accumulated pleats of blubber can withstand all but the most murderous attacks; we might, at least, stir the liberal/left from its febrile reveries, and alert it to a universe far richer than the more orderly cage of which it dreams."

NOTES & ASIDES

□ Dear Bill:

You asked me to get back to you about my request that the Harvard Faculty Club subscribe to NATIONAL REVIEW. I have and it will not.

I spoke to some bureaucrat acting director, Susan Nair, I think, and she gave me a lot of wind and piss about budgets, lack of interest by other faculty members—"We have to draw the line somewhere, don't we?" Wouldn't you know where they would draw the line?

JUNE 14, 1985 / NATIONAL REVIEW 17

The caciques running Harvard are liberals. Humorous, disinforming, arrogant, high-handed, and confrontational with Harvard tenants and kitchen help—they are a heartless, contemptible crew. I long for the day that the underlings on our campus rise up. It will make the Yale strike seem like a quilting bee.

NON HABEMUS SPARTACUM QUAMVIS NE SPARTACUM NEVE CICERONEM.

There is a column in this. Nay, a book. And I may write it.

Cordially,
John [C. MacLean]
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear John: We'll review it. . . . The Harvard Club is obviously a sanctuary for reactionaries. Let them sleep. Cordially,

Bill

□ Dear Bill:

Concerning Mr. Slimp's thoughts on the Sanctuary Movement [NR, May 17], I recently came across a letter by St. Benedict with pointed and timely instructions on how to deal with outside agitators. Indeed, his last sentence persuades me that St. Benedict must have been a Hoosier, despite his using the archaic "explain" when he meant "splain."

If any pilgrim monk come from distant parts, if with wish as a guest to dwell in the monastery, and will be content with the customs he finds in the place, and do not by his lavishness disturb the monastery, but is simply content with what he finds, he shall be received, for as long a time as he desires. If, indeed, he find fault with anything, or expose it, reasonably, and with the humility of charity, the Abbot shall discuss it prudently, lest perchance God had sent him for this very thing. . . . But, if he have been found gossipy and contumacious in the time of his sojourn as guest, not only ought he not to be joined to the body of the monastery, but also it shall be said to him, honestly, that he must depart. If he does not go, let two stout monks, in the name of God, explain the matter to him.

Best,
Tim [Wheeler]
Shelbyville, Ind.

□ To the Editor
St. Louis Post-Dispatch
St. Louis, Missouri

Dear Sir:

Mr. Harry Levins, who is identified as "chief copy editor of the *Post-Dispatch*," concludes his review of my novel *See You Later Alligator*:

"Your reaction to Oakes probably will depend on your reaction to Buckley himself, because Oakes seems to be Buckley in Buckley's most macho daydreams. I'm among those who tend to agree with Buckley's politics but find Buckley himself a bit hard to take—

too much money, too much Yale. People with names like Blackford Oakes make me uncomfortable, and I squirmed a bit as I spent 351 pages in his company. I prefer James Bond; at least he came by his accent honestly."

Two observations. 1) If my name had been William Rosenberg and I had attended CCNY and Mr. Levins had felt an allergy to people with such names graduating from such a college, he would have had, one hopes, at least the decency to disguise, if not to surmount, his prejudice; and perhaps even the integrity to disqualify himself as a reviewer of Rosenberg's novels. 2) I spoke only Spanish until I was six years old. I went to kindergarten in Paris where I spoke only French. Shortly before my eighth birthday I went to my first school, in London, where for the first time I spoke English. If the hybrid accent that evolved from that experience is one Mr. Levins is so expertly qualified to taxonomize, he should be teaching anthropology instead of editing copy, let alone reviewing books.

Yours faithfully,
Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

□ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I thought you would like to know that even here in the darkest, most dismal depths of the liberal establishment (the University of Wisconsin) your message gets through. How else could you explain the inclusion of your magazine in such a "distinguished" collection of publications by the cartoonist of the campus newspaper, the *Daily Cardinal*. Incidentally, the editors of the newspaper explain that its name refers to one of the school's colors, but we all know cardinal means Red.



Anyway, keep the intellectual lifeline coming. We UW conservatives need all the help we can get.

Gratefully yours,
Todd W. Wallinger
Beaver Dam, Wis.

—WFB

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by Richard F. Staar

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MIDDLE EAST BREAKTHROUGH?

IN EARLY April, twenty U.S. ambassadors to Middle Eastern countries convened quietly in Washington to review peace prospects for their sector of the world. For 15 months—ever since the Marines were pulled out of Beirut—the Reagan Administration had been benignly neglectful of that region. But those months of inactivity had produced a convergence of forces that led the ambassadors to conclude the U.S. ought to break out of its insularity and re-assume a quasi-brokering role. They were so persuasive that Secretary of State Shultz and National Security Advisor McFarlane both agreed, and measured initiatives were launched. Here is what the ambassadors told the Administration's two most powerful foreign-policy strategists:

First, Israel is ready. The government is moderate and prepared to deal with Jordan concerning the West Bank. Peres wants negotiations, and he enjoys enough domestic support to pursue them. The latest evidence of this is Labor's winning 66 per cent of the vote (up 3 per cent from 1981) in the Histadrut Labor Federation's May 13 election, over Likud with 22 per cent (down 5 per cent from 1981). "Oh, his hand is not completely free, as we saw when Ezer Weizman's repair trip to Cairo was nearly scuttled by the coalition cabinet," notes a senior State Department aide. "Yet the get-off-the-dime process started by Labor is likely to gain de facto acceptance even by Likud." The reasoning here is that Likud won't bolt the Knesset on this issue because Peres would call for new elections, Labor would win a clear majority, and the coalition on which Likud depends would become superfluous.

Israel is also especially vulnerable to U.S. pressure right now, since it sorely needs our \$1.5 billion in special assistance (over two years), on top of the \$1.8 billion in military aid and \$1.2 billion in economic aid. Further,

while Israel cut its defense budget by \$300 million this year, it still spent \$4 billion on arms, a spending level it cannot possibly maintain. For its long-term security, Israel has no choice but to pursue peace.

Second, Egypt is malleable and willing to deal. Hosni Mubarak is hoping for \$1 billion in economic aid from the U.S. this year and \$1.3 billion in military aid. The Egyptians also know that the Israeli-Egyptian peace process cannot continue indefinitely as a bilateral effort.

Third, King Hussein wants to deal. Jordan feels unusually threatened by Syria, and so wants to push the process along, while meanwhile seeking mobile Hawk anti-aircraft missiles to supplement the 14 U.S.-supplied I-Hawk non-mobile missiles it bought in 1977. Hussein will be asking President Reagan for these missiles when he visits him on May 29, giving U.S. peace brokers some leverage over Jordan, if leverage were needed. Hussein also wants some form of autonomy for the West Bank Palestinians, in confederation with Jordan. (But the Palestinians are saying: No, first give us our own nation, and then we'll talk confederation.)

Fourth, Arafat has turned around, as evidenced by visits to Hussein in Amman, a striking change from September 1970 when Hussein kicked Arafat out of Jordan. True, a major schism exists in the PLO between the radical faction in Syria, which repudiates the peace process, and the mainstream PLO tied to Arafat and the West Bank Palestinians. "If I were a Palestinian," notes an influential Israeli journalist visiting Washington, "I'd be saying to myself, 'On this side of the table, I've got the Jordanians, the Egyptians, and the Palestinians, all of whom have a cohesive view of what the future should be. On the other side, Israel, dependent on the U.S. for almost \$5 billion annually, dependent on the perpetuation of the peace proc-

ess with Egypt. Why, I'd be a fool not to negotiate now.'"

Fifth, the West Bank Palestinians have a sense of urgency about the process. They get up in the morning and see another Jewish settlement. If something is not done now, it will be too late, they think.

Finally, Syria is ripe for movement. Lebanon, with its endless dirty little wars, is its tar baby now. Also, the Iran-Iraq war has been catastrophic for Hafez al-Assad, Syria's leader, because he supports Iran, a choice that led to the formation of a new Middle East axis arrayed against him: Saddam Hussein of Iraq, King Hussein of Jordan, and Hosni Mubarak of Egypt.

THE CONCLUSION of the ambassadors was that Assistant Secretary for Near Eastern Affairs Richard Murphy should tour the region, followed within a month by Secretary Shultz, to spark movement in the stalled Jordanian/Palestinian/Egyptian initiatives of earlier this spring. Two glitches are holding things up. First, where do you find a Palestinian who is sufficiently clean of PLO connections, yet acceptable to Arafat? Second, there is the chicken-and-egg issue vexing the Palestinians and Jordanians; confederation first, homeland second, or vice versa? However, the optimists say these are merely technical matters.

But don't hold your breath. Once again, by neglecting the proud Assad, Secretary Shultz may have blown it (no visit to Damascus on his May trip—only Jerusalem, Cairo, Aqaba). It is Assad that controls the PLO hardliners in Damascus, who have consistently derailed the process by blocking the selection of Palestinians for the joint Jordanian-Palestinian delegation. The poorest-kept secret in the Arab world is that Hafez al-Assad pulls the strings and calls the shots. Without him the peace process is doomed. □

THIS SPYING BUSINESS

WHEN, IN APRIL, the British authorities expelled four Soviet officials with diplomatic status (and an Aeroflot manager), the Soviet diplomatic representation in London was reduced accordingly. In other words, the permitted number of Soviet "diplomats" in London, which had stood at 43, was cut to 39. The Aeroflot man being a member of an "ancillary organization," the permitted ceiling for "ancillary organizations" was cut from 105 to 104. This very healthy habit of numerical reduction of Soviet representation when spies are uncovered was started in 1971, when Edward Heath was prime minister (one of the few good things he did, perhaps) and Sir Alec Douglas-Home his foreign secretary. That was when the splendid world record of 105 Soviet spies expelled or denied re-entry was set. It still stands.

Faced with massive, unrelenting penetration of KGB and GRU (military intelligence) officers, and with the work of the native-born moles and agents of influence they supervise, most Western governments tend to react rather timidly or, quite often, not at all. Agents, when uncovered, are more often than not expelled in twos or threes. They may be quietly declared "non gratae" and sent home without fanfare.

Of course this is not always the case. Apart from the British record of 1971, other governments have been known to blow their top. Thus, a couple of years ago President Mitterrand of France kicked out no fewer than 47 Soviet spies, a gesture the more admirable for the fact that he still had Communist ministers in his government at the time.

Not long ago, the Swiss daily *Journal de Genève* carried two linked articles about Geneva as a major Soviet espionage center, making the important point that "Switzerland shares with the United States the privilege of being the only countries in the world to har-

bor two KGB networks and two GRU networks."

This circumstance has the same explanation in both cases: In addition to the Soviet embassies in both countries, the United Nations presence in Geneva and New York is a major bonus for the Soviet spy organizations. Moreover, because the UN is an international body, Soviet officials accredited to UN headquarters in Manhattan do not suffer from the travel restrictions the U.S. Government rightly imposes on Soviet diplomats accredited to Washington, D.C., in answer to the similar restrictions imposed on U.S. diplomatic personnel in Moscow.

In his very important recent book, *Breaking with Moscow*, the former Soviet ambassador to the UN, Arkady N. Shevchenko (who really was a diplomat), reveals a good deal about the Soviet KGB presence in Manhattan. He writes: "It was easy to distinguish KGB professionals from diplomats and others. The first giveaway was money. The KGB had it and spent it much more generously than real diplomats." Of the 28 men in his section in 1968, 21 were KGB or GRU employees.

The motivation for the normal rule of Western forbearance in the face of the Soviet espionage network is that retaliation might damage the Western country's relations with the USSR. The London media have duly come out with the views of commentators expressing the hope that the expulsions would not affect the recent improvement in Anglo-Soviet relations following Mikhail Gorbachev's visit at the end of last year.

More realistically, anonymous British officials note that when the Soviet Union detects a softening of a Western country's attitude, it often steps up its clandestine operations as a test of the country concerned.

Operations, perhaps. But spying? No, that goes on the whole time.

There is one guiding principle in

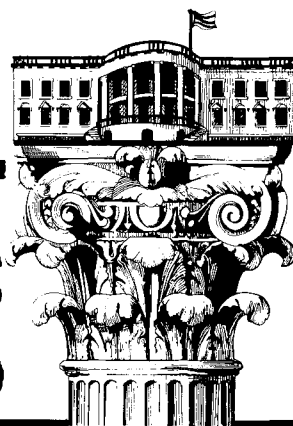
matters of this kind, and I don't care whether it is called "reciprocity" or "equivalence," although I have a slight preference for the latter. All countries of the Western Alliance should apply it in respect of diplomatic personnel, as a matter of course. Any known KGB or GRU officer should be expelled, whether quietly or with fanfare, and the diplomatic ceiling reduced accordingly.

NOR SHOULD this principle be confined to diplomatic personnel only, although it must be admitted that its extension to nondiplomatic areas can present problems. In a totalist state such as the USSR, where all areas of life are under one-party control, it is obvious that all representatives abroad are state-employed. Aeroflot offices, TASS agencies, trade and technical missions: Every such delegation from the Soviet Union, and indeed from the Soviet bloc, is a potential nest of spies.

The West should not be squeamish about kicking such people out. In the true sense, it has no effect whatever on relations with Warsaw Pact countries. Any apparent cooling of relations is strictly atmospheric. The Soviets may make indignant noises and even expel Britons, Frenchmen, or Americans tit for tat, but if it is judged to be in the Soviet interest for talks to go on, or start, or be resumed, the fact that Soviet personnel have been unmasked is, quite simply, irrelevant.

After all, when the Soviets can calmly shoot and kill an American in Germany, or shoot down an airliner with the loss of many lives, what does the occasional expulsion of spies matter between negotiating partners? In fact, a strict and unanimous enforcement of "equivalence" by the NATO powers would be a real contribution to peace, and should be so presented. □

WHAT DEMOSTHENES COULD WHISPER TO REAGAN



THE UNITED STATES is suffering from an ancient disease. The first known case was recorded in Greece about 2,300 years ago. The Athenian orator Demosthenes, who had the greatest practical experience in treating the malady, called it “democratic lethargy.” Ronald Reagan diagnosed this same ailment in the American body politic and began therapy during his first term. However, a complete cure has eluded the President, perhaps partly because from the start he has been receiving second opinions suggesting his diagnosis was incorrect. To complete the treatment, Reagan needs some moral support during his second term. Is there a Demosthenes in the White House?

The President can check the Cabinet and look around the White House offices, but don't be surprised if he has to make a trip to the library to find his alter ego. Historical analogies often are abused even more egregiously than extended metaphors, and yet if used discriminatingly they can be illuminating. Reagan and Demosthenes held the same beliefs and values, defined their environments similarly, and set identical political goals for their nations. Demosthenes' career parallels Reagan's so closely that it can be used to illuminate the remaining half of Reagan's historical mission.

Like Reagan, Demosthenes was religious, eloquently championed traditional values, and acquired a reputation as a “great communicator.” When Democrats groaned about Reagan's well-prepared appeals to patriotism this past election, they were echoing those opponents of Demosthenes who complained that he “comes forward when it suits him, and . . . before he has finished he has carried us off our feet and made us swell with pride.”

Both men achieved political prominence not by accommodating themselves to current opinion, but by reiterating their beliefs until circumstances and popular sentiment merged in favor of their political programs. Each entered the public arena at a time when his country was recuperating from a debilitating war that had polarized domestic politics and alienated citizens from the state, when citizen soldiers were being replaced by paid professionals even as overall defense spending was in decline, and when the bulk of national wealth was being transferred to social welfare programs. Each noted that his country, while more prosperous than ever before, was failing to live up to past records of civic duty and sacrifice. Most important, according to Reagan and Demosthenes, this decline in public virtue coincided with and contributed to a period of unprec-

edented external danger. Each believed the foreign peril originated in one great implacable enemy: respectively, the USSR and Philip of Macedon.

The specific parallels between Demosthenes' and Reagan's historical settings are most interesting. Macedonia and the USSR both began their climbs to world prominence as second-rate regional powers. Involving itself in an intra-Greek struggle, Macedonia bounced back from an initial defeat to obtain a decisive victory. Philip used the subsequent Peace of Philocrates (read: Helsinki Accords) to formally secure his wartime gains and establish the legitimacy of Macedonian involvement in Greek (European) affairs. Initially Demosthenes thought the treaty might be designed to constrain Philip, but it soon became clear that it would go the other way and allow Philip new opportunities. Demosthenes then described the treaty as a sellout, claimed the enemy routinely violated treaties, and advised against further treaties with a power that could not be trusted (which sums up Reagan's record, if not his recent rhetoric, on treaties with the USSR). With all the bluntness of Reagan's “evil empire” speech, Demosthenes warned Athens unequivocally that there was “no safety for free states in such overfamiliarity with dictators.”

Demosthenes' candor was offensive to some Athenians. They claimed he “obstructed Philip's friendly intentions.” However, when Demosthenes' skepticism was borne out by events following the Peace of Philocrates, and the majority of Athenians decided that indeed Athens had been outmaneuvered in negotiations, Demosthenes reminded them of the arguments used by “the bearers of Philip's promises which induced you to accept the Peace.” In support of the treaty they had

then declared that I was a man . . . bound to be awkward and difficult, whereas Philip, once past Thermopylae, would do everything we wanted, fortify Thespieae and Plataea, check Theban misdemeanors, dig a canal through the Chersonese at his own expense, [etc.]. These were all statements made on the platform, as I am sure you remember, reluctant though you may be to recall your own injuries. The most shameful thing of all is that in your optimism you voted that the same terms should be binding on a future generation.

Mr. Lamb is the author of “Belief Systems and Decision-Making in the Mayagüez Crisis,” Political Science Quarterly (Winter 1984-85), and is currently both a Richard Weaver Fellow and a Research Fellow with Georgetown University's National Security Studies Program.

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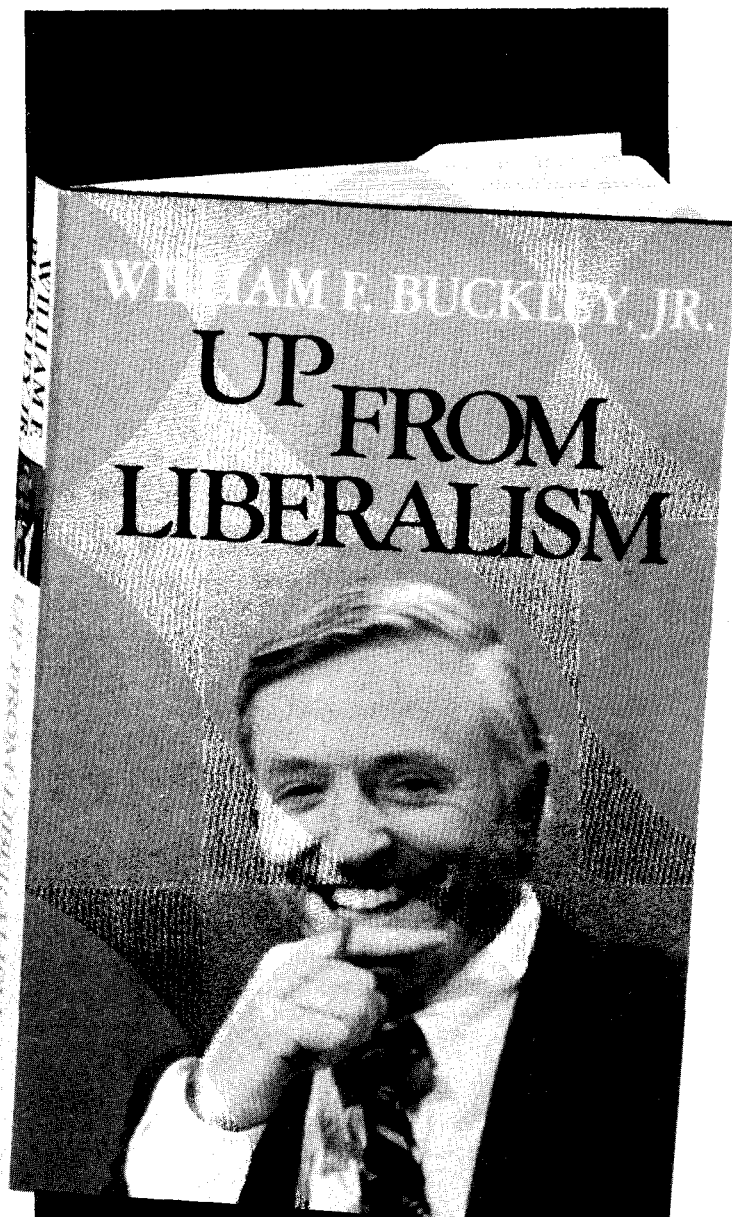
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Gullible America's wish list is just as extensive—hopes of free elections in occupied Eastern Europe and expectations of reciprocity in post-Vietnam defense-spending cuts, for starters.

Philip's lack of voluntary restraint was an embarrassment to his supporters in Athens. Naturally they took their frustration out on Demosthenes, not Philip. Rather than abandon hopeful assessments of Philip's intentions, they found it more convenient to continue blaming Demosthenes for Philip's behavior. Understandably, this irritated Demosthenes (apparently more than it does Reagan today). "What is the reason," he asked,

why a leader who is openly in arms in contravention of right, and seizing towns, is never stated to be at war, while statesmen who urge that he should not be given liberty to do so are accused of making war?

Focusing on his principal political opponent, Demosthenes criticized him for "always considering arguments against his country and not for it" and then defending himself as "though being accused of making peace."

Demosthenes worked at convincing Athenians that Philip was no malleable barbarian to be alternately ignored and educated to appreciate Athenian good will. The first prerequisite for Athenian safety, he said,

is to assume that [Philip] is an irreconcilable enemy to free and democratic institutions. If we are not convinced in our hearts of this, we shall not be prepared to take action on it in reality. Secondly, we must clearly understand that his every practice and manipulation is a design upon this country. . . . No one is naïve enough to suppose that dismal holes in Thrace—what else could one call them?—like Drongilus and Cabyle and Masteira, which he is now engaged in reducing, form an attraction whose capture is worth the effort . . . while the harbors and dockyards and warships of Athens, her silver works and her income, are nothing to him; and that he will leave all this to us. . . . Of course not.

Tactfully, Reagan has never referred to, say, Yemen and Guyana as "dismal holes."

As Philip's military operations grew increasingly bold, his protestations of peaceful intentions rang more hollow, yet his threats grew more credible, and this ensured a heated debate between those Athenians who supported peace through strength and those who supported peace through accommodation. Demosthenes scoffed at his opponents' definition of peace:

If a pretense of peace is what you want, as he does, I will not argue with you. But any idea that peace is a situation in which Philip holds the rest of the Greek world with the intention of proceeding against Athens is first of all insane and secondly means peace enjoyed by Philip and not by Athens.

When Philip destroyed the city of Phocis, angry Athens withdrew its delegation from the Pythian games, which Philip, as a by-product of the Peace of Philocrates, was chairing that year (Afghanistan and the Olympic boycott). When Philip struck closer to the vital Hellespont Strait (Panama Canal), through which Athenian food supplies flowed, Demosthenes' policies gained a wider following. Yet there was still much domestic opposition to his encouragement of indigenous (but Athenian-led and -coordinated) guerrilla warfare against Philip's forces in the Hellespont area (the *Contras* and Nicaragua). Demosthenes' opponents argued that such actions constituted undeclared war

(U.S. debate over the mining of Nicaraguan ports), to which Demosthenes retorted that Philip was already conducting an undeclared war on Athens:

In all the designs which his power activates, he is breaking the peace and is at war with Athens—unless you are prepared to say that to erect siege artillery is a peaceful occupation, until it is set in action against the walls. No, no. A man whose actions and calculations are designed for my capture is at war with me before he discharges a weapon.

Besides, adds Demosthenes, does anyone seriously expect an open declaration of war from Philip?

It would be unparalleled folly on his part if without any complaint from his victims, but an actual tendency to blame some of our own number, he were to dissolve internal differences and rivalries of ours and warn us against himself.

Demosthenes traveled to other Greek states and enjoined them to resist the siren call of Macedonian propaganda, which he claimed was too freely disseminated and too readily believed by Greeks. So successful was Philip at diplomatic manipulation that Demosthenes declared distrust must be the Greeks' first line of defense:

There are numerous contrivances for the safety and protection of states; there are palisades, fortifications, field works, and the rest. These are the work of men's hands, and a drain on wealth. There is one safeguard alone which is afforded by the nature of human wisdom, and brings safety and protection to all. What is this? Distrust.



Distrust is the defining characteristic of Reagan's policy toward the Soviet Union, although, like Demosthenes, he hasn't found this quality widely appreciated among his allies.

Demosthenes also bade his fellow Greeks compare Philip's words and deeds, and to recall how cities such as Pherae and "the unfortunate city of Oreus" (Czechoslovakia and Afghanistan) came under Philip's control:

Philip stated that he had sent his force as a benevolent measure of surveillance. He had heard that they were in a state of trouble and dissension, and it was a matter of genuine friendship on the part of an ally to assist at such a time [Brezhnev Doctrine].

Despite his respect for Philip's capabilities, Demosthenes asserted that the problem was not Philip per se. When the happy rumor swept Athens that Philip had died, Demosthenes chided his compatriots' false optimism by arguing: "Athens, in her present frame of mind, will soon create another Philip." Reagan, unconcerned with who inhabits the Kremlin, similarly asserts that weak democracies create aggressors.

Demosthenes lamented how Philip "gets the better of democratic hesitation, deliberation, and inquiry," and how

With peril drawing near, Demosthenes

denounced his opponents'

policy of accommodation as tantamount

to national surrender

Athens passes its time in "procrastination, in optimism, in recrimination, condemnation, and yet more optimism." Demosthenes told Athens its recent record suggested it was incapable of distinguishing friends from enemies (which alone might have earned him a Reagan appointment to the United Nations) and said it must learn to be present on the scene as Philip always was, instead of arriving too late and losing allies who felt they could no longer rely on Athens (the opinion of numerous pro-Western Third World leaders deposed during the 1960s and 1970s).

With peril drawing near, Demosthenes denounced his opponents' policy of accommodation as tantamount to national surrender, and argued there was no alternative to resistance:

We have no choice. We are left with the one most just and unavoidable course, which speakers like this deliberately overlook. What is that? Resistance to aggression. Unless it is meant that if Philip holds off Attica and the Peiraeus [read: if the USSR refrains from invading Texas], no wrong is being done, no act of war committed. If this is the boundary whereby rights are laid down and peace defined, it is universally clear how wrong, how intolerable, how dangerous an idea this is.

In summary, both Reagan and Demosthenes labored mightily against the self-destructive trends that often emerge in liberal democracies confronted by determined external threats (trends amply detailed in Jean-François Revel's highly acclaimed book *How Democracies Perish*). The significance of Reagan's and Demosthenes' essentially identical

assessments of their nations' precarious security positions is that they were both left with the same twofold task. First, they had to rally lagging public spirit and alert fellow citizens to the external danger. Both men substantially accomplished this goal. Second, rearmament on the scale these leaders considered necessary meant they had to translate renewed patriotism and support for a strong national defense into a commitment to restructure domestic spending priorities—a most formidable task.

According to Demosthenes, whenever he publicly raised the issue of spending priorities, "the cry is at once heard of the benefits of peace and the difficulty of maintaining a large force." So like Reagan today, who has pledged resistance to cuts in Social Security and other "entitlement" programs, Demosthenes approached the social-spending issue very circumspectly.

The Athenian social-welfare fund (called the *theorikon*) began with Pericles (FDR), the most popular and trusted democratic leader in Athenian history. Pericles initiated the practice of distributing a small payment to the poorest citizens to enable them to attend the theater at public festivals, which was considered an important part of the democracy's political socialization process. Until Eubulus became steward of the treasury in 354 B.C. the *theorikon* was never more than a gratuity whose distribution was dependent upon a surplus in the treasury. Eubulus made the *theorikon* a permanent item in the budget, and it quickly grew to encompass such a large percentage of Athenian resources that the demagogue Demades, an ally of the more sober Eubulus, referred to it as the "cement" of the democracy, while Demosthenes, with an eye to rearmament, called it "a source of revenue unparalleled in the world."

To counter a defense of government largesse as the cement of democracy, Demosthenes broadened the scope of his inquiry into the origins of public and private virtue:

I invite any man present to tell me here and now what other source there is of Philip's power than ourselves. "Well," I am told, "that may be very unfortunate, but at home, at least, we are better off." What is the evidence of this? Plaster on the battlements, new streets, water supplies. These are trivialities. Turn your eyes on the pursuers of these political ends. They have risen from beggary to riches, from obscurity to prominence, and in some cases have houses which outshine the public buildings themselves. . . . What is the reason for all this? . . . Why is so much amiss? [When, formerly,] the people of Athens had the courage to act and to serve in person, the people were the master of the politicians and the controller of all assets. . . . Now the opposite is true. It is the politicians who control assets, and through whose agency all action is taken. We, the people, are enervated and our revenues and allies are whittled away. We are incidental, subsidiary, content to be allowed a little from the *theorikon*.

Reagan heartily shares Demosthenes' disdain of bureaucrats and welfare services that simultaneously rob and enervate the citizenry.

Four years after Eubulus took control of the treasury, his party not only defeated a proposal to use the *theorikon* for the *stratitikon* (the strategic fund), it succeeded in obtaining the equivalent of an unbalanced-budget amendment by passing a law that made it high treason ever to renew the proposal. Consequently, Demosthenes approached the issue extremely carefully. First he pointed out that the

theorikon could easily satisfy all Athens' defense needs, but he made no concrete proposal that would expose him to prosecution. He asked rhetorically, "Am I proposing that these moneys should be used for military purposes? Good Lord, not I!" (As in: "Raise taxes? Over my dead body!" "Touch Social Security? Never!")

However, Demosthenes immediately began lobbying for the repeal of the prohibition of proposals to draw funds from the *theorikon*. (A preliminary step, like asking Peter Grace to study ways to make government more efficient.) Demosthenes asserted that no progress could be made until this was done, and he encouraged Athens to make the hard but inevitable choice circumstances demanded:

It is not so easy to make a choice when affairs of state are put before you for consideration; then you must take the best course in place of the pleasant, if you cannot take both together. "But," someone might say, "if anyone can both leave the *theorikon* alone and propose for us other ways and means for our military expenses, surely he is a better counselor?" I quite agree, men of Athens, if this is possible! But I wonder whether anyone at all, after spending his resources on unnecessary things, ever has been or ever will be in a position to make provision for necessities from what he no longer has.

There is no need to wonder any more; 2,300 years later, Demosthenes' assumption still holds true.

Finally, when circumstances would allow no further delay, Demosthenes defied his political opponents and forced the issue:

This is our last chance to rid ourselves of such habits, . . . and say good-bye to these petty doles. They resemble diets imposed by doctors, which neither bring strength to the sick man nor let

him die. The distributions we receive are not enough to bring any satisfying benefit, nor do they allow us to turn our back on them and look elsewhere. They merely serve to encourage individual inaction. Do I imply their appropriation to the army? Yes, I do.

After years of prodding, Demosthenes asked Athens to make its historic decision; lethargy and largesse finally proved incompatible with liberty.

The value in noting the similarities between Reagan's career and Demosthenes' is not to be found in rhetorical incantations about history repeating itself, but rather in the illumination of the choices and tasks that inescapably follow from their common belief systems. Reagan must proceed to the second half of his self-appointed historic mission and clearly present the necessary choice that follows from his premises and prescriptions. He must tell America that it cannot defend itself and manage the deficit by economic growth alone, nor by slashing the fraction of the

Athens made its choice too late.

Demosthenes' observation

that 'emergency armaments never

succeed' proved correct

federal budget that is still "discretionary," nor by tax reforms that disguise higher taxes and depress the economy, nor through arms control, which has never significantly reduced defense spending in the past. In short, assuming the President remains true to his long-articulated beliefs, and unless he is prepared to explain why the Soviet threat is suddenly less dire, he must ask America to make choices between its *theorikon* and its *stratitikon*.

Athens made its choice too late. Demosthenes' observation that "emergency armaments never succeed," and his belief that "for a pitched battle [Philip] is better trained than we are," proved correct. In the closely contested battle of Chaeronea, Greek freedom passed away into the history books. Today Demosthenes is generally remembered only for the way he practiced his speeches while standing in front of the roaring surf with pebbles stuffed in his mouth. In contrast, Philip, who laid waste great cities and sold his captives to his next victims, is lionized as a great engineer of historic change. Those who do consider Demosthenes' career against the broad backdrop of history often see his efforts as a gallant but vain, even pathetic, attempt to hold back the tide of history.

Demosthenes would, and did, reject such ready acceptance of despotism as inevitable progress. Even as Philip's power continued to grow, Demosthenes repeatedly assured Athens that there was nothing irresistible about Macedonia's forward march. In fact, ten years before the battle of Chaeronea, Demosthenes predicted the brief duration of Macedonian power. In a speech designed to raise Athenian assistance for the city of Olynthus, then under attack by Philip, Demosthenes encouraged Athens not to cede the struggle prematurely:

Never, gentlemen, never can a lasting power be founded on broken promises and lying words. Such empires stand for one

(Continues on page 53)



WHY CAN'T IVAN READ?

KARLSKRONA, SWEDEN—The island of Almö, a nature reserve just west of this provincial center on the Baltic Sea, is in winter a place of stark beauty and leaden silence. It comes alive in the summer, when it is a popular retreat with an 18-hole golf course, stands of juniper and alder, picturesque red wooden cottages, and waist-high grass concealing wild grouse. There is also a large sign alongside the main road that warns: "Istop! Foreigners not admitted! Military restricted area," in seven languages. It marks the beginning of the Blekinge military reservation, which encompasses many of the islands and much of the coastal waters near Karlskrona.

One of the languages is Russian. But that gesture of cultural sensitivity was roundly rebuffed by a Soviet unit that landed here on March 4 of last year, possibly on a practice sabotage mission. The intruders were apparently brought to the island by a small submarine first reported to Swedish authorities two weeks earlier.

If it was a training mission, the Soviets failed. They were spotted by Swedish forces and attacked with grenades and automatic weapons. The Soviets hastily withdrew; it is unclear whether they sustained casualties or even returned fire. The island was sealed off, and hundreds of depth charges were dropped in nearby waters, but the sub, if there was a sub, escaped.

While the incident couldn't be ignored, the Swedish government tried hard to do just that. Official spokesmen first hemmed, then hawed, then finally admitted that "frogman-like persons" of unspecified nationality had violated Swedish territory. Four days after the incident, Socialist Prime Minister Olof Palme invited Soviet Agriculture Minister Valentin Mesiais to Stockholm for talks. There were no official repercussions, a low-key response obviously being considered more ap-

propriate, even though this incident itself showed that being nice to the Soviets does not work. A month earlier, Palme's government had surprised Western observers with an unprompted declaration that Sweden was modifying its air-defense equipment to shoot down *American* cruise missiles overflying Swedish airspace en route to the USSR. "We would consider any cruise missiles entering Swedish airspace as violating our neutrality just as much as if a foreign army were to march across our territory," said Swedish Chief of Staff Bror Stefenson.

Marching toward Pacifism

AND ALMÖ was not the first time the Swedes had learned that no act of kindness goes unpunished by the Soviets. In September 1981, Palme's Social Democratic Party leadership congress, then out of office, undercut the long-standing Swedish policy of armed neutralism by backing a platform stressing disarmament and deep cuts in defense spending, culminating a long trend toward pacifism within the party.

Little more than a month later, on October 27, 1981, a wandering civilian noticed a strange sight—Soviet Whiskey-class diesel submarine No. 137 stranded on the rocks off Karlskrona. It had apparently been aground for several hours without attracting the attention of Swedish anti-submarine forces, almost at the gates of one of the nation's most sensitive installations, the Karlskrona naval yard. It was soon established that the elderly submarine was almost certainly packing nuclear weapons. An uproar ensued.

Swedish sensibilities were further inflamed by the predictably truculent Soviet response, which hinted that the incident was a Western provocation, and then demanded the ship's return with full crew, without condition or delay.

The Swedish government was in an

agonizing position. Its traditional armed neutralism was increasingly sounding like high-minded appeasement. The Swedes dithered, then capitulated. The submarine was towed into international waters November 6.

This "Whisky on the rocks" episode begged for some sort of retaliation, which turned out to be mild enough: a ban on high-level diplomatic exchanges between the two nations. In all, there were ten sightings of Soviet submarines within Swedish territorial waters in 1981.

That number rose to forty in 1982, including one near another extremely sensitive naval installation, at Muskö in Harsfjarden Bay, near Stockholm. A massive search was initiated—by some accounts the largest Swedish naval operation since World War II—but the intruders escaped.

A parliamentary commission under former Minister of Foreign Affairs Sven Andersson was convened to investigate the matter. The report, released in April 1983, created a sensation. It described Soviet "manned midget submarines with a bottom-crawling capacity of a hitherto unknown character," which were detected by an advanced X-ray tracking system. In other words, the Soviets had a submarine with tank-like tracks whose imprints had been photographed on the seabed. It had driven right through Stockholm to the inner part of the archipelago and then driven right back out, and all without detection. A high navy official, Commodore Bengt Schuback (who was promoted to navy chief last October), said that "a foreign power is preparing for war against us."

Palme, whose party had returned to power in late 1982, was forced to raise anti-submarine funding and continue the ban on diplomatic exchanges, both actions against his own incli-

Mr. Silverstein is a Los Angeles attorney who writes on foreign affairs.

nations. While anti-submarine patrols were increased, sightings increased too, up to 63 in 1983. The navy was instructed to sink intruders without warning, but it could not catch any. Palme recalled his ambassador from the USSR, but just before the Almö incident he discussed sending him back.

Palme's instincts were all for détente and accommodation, but the Soviets were making it exceedingly difficult to maintain that posture. He protested to Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko, who blandly assured him that the USSR respected Swedish territorial sovereignty. Palme grasped the straw. The Almö incident was all but officially ignored. The ban on exchanges was modified, and that same month a senior official was sent on an official mission to Moscow.

The thaw continued. On May 1, 1984, Palme's May Day speech to the Social Democratic Party faithful contained 51 lines criticizing United States involvement in Central America, and one line on the USSR in Afghanistan. The leading moderate daily newspaper, *Dagens Nyheter*, suggested that this disparity did not reflect the man in the street's view of neutrality. Later that month, Palme welcomed Agriculture Minister Mesiais to Stockholm, but then—another incident. An unknown Warsaw Pact vessel, presumably a submarine, either sank or was severely damaged between Karlskrona and the Polish Baltic port of Ustka. Two Polish reconnaissance planes, three large helicopters, and five surface ships searched the area, evidently without success. One of the planes intruded into Swedish airspace repeatedly, and was forced out each time. No explanation was given, and no further details were released.

A particularly harrowing episode occurred in August of last year, when a Swedish Scanair airbus returning with tourists from Greece was intercepted in Swedish airspace near the island of Gotland by a Soviet Su-15 fighter. The fighter closed to within two thousand feet and shadowed the airliner for about six minutes before breaking contact. No shots were fired. A Swedish interceptor squadron that had recently relocated to Gotland scrambled, but missed catching the interloper.

On August 17, a formal protest and a demand for an explanation were delivered to the USSR; its response is not known.

A best-selling book recently published in Stockholm claimed that there are eighty Soviet spies in Sweden, a charge that was predictably denied by the USSR. But there is little doubt that the Soviet Union's definition of neutrality differs from Sweden's.

In the Target Zone

ANOTHER recent book, this one published in the USSR, stated that "Sweden is situated in the direct vicinity of the regions that are of vital political, economic, and military importance for the Soviet Union . . ." The author, L. Voronkov, further warned that "the strategic location of Swedish territory is such that the USSR can't be indifferent to the prospects of Sweden's airspace, territorial waters, and land being used for aggressive purposes." The USSR has traditionally defined its opponents' "aggressive purposes" quite broadly.

This chilling series of events has had a profound effect on the Swedish public. A 1979 poll indicated that only 30 per cent of the Swedish people considered the Soviet Union an unfriendly power, and only 10 per cent considered it a threat. A more recent survey shows that these numbers have jumped to 75 per cent and 30 per cent, respectively.

There has been a significant, if belated, response. The opposition Moderate Coalition Party railed against Palme's seeming equivocation and capitulation in the face of systematic provocation, and Palme reluctantly agreed to an additional \$260-million defense allocation over two years. The defense ministry has asked for an additional \$300 million for 1985 alone.

Anti-submarine forces were given special consideration, to the irritation of the other branches. In October of last year, General Lennart Ljung, commander-in-chief of all Swedish forces, presented a plan in which approximately \$115 million would be taken from army and air-force budgets and reallocated for anti-submarine defense over five years. Ljung's plan envisioned a new force of six modern 350-ton anti-submarine corvettes outfitted with Swedish-made torpedoes and mines.

Even Palme has sounded positively bellicose lately. "Our resources to track down and hit alien intruders in our waters are increasing," he recently said, "and the government will not hesitate to use them."

But the fundamental question still remains: Why? Why are the Soviets doing this? The traditionally prickly Swedish independence has slowly but certainly been deliquescing into a self-righteous auto-Finlandization, seeming-



ly more concerned with Third World poverty than with its own borders. Why should the Soviets risk altering a favorable historical trend?

Some observers figure the Soviets are trying to intimidate the Scandinavians, but one wonders why they would bother. Forty years of constantly increasing prosperity and a commensurate and understandable reluctance to lose it all have put Western Europeans in general, and Swedes in particular, in a state of constant anxiety, particularly concerning their neighbors to the east. Churchill once noted that "an appeaser is one who feeds a crocodile—hoping it will eat him last."

SS-20s v. Pershing IIs

THIS HAS translated into a policy of placation, a basic double standard. When the Soviets installed hundreds of SS-20s in Eastern Europe, there was scarcely a murmur. When NATO responded with plans to counter with Pershing IIs, it was dangerous escalation, and Palme stumped for arms control and a Scandinavian "nuclear-free zone." The Soviet Union's crimes in Afghanistan and within its own borders are systematically ignored or consciously downplayed, while profoundly lesser or even spurious United States offenses are given altogether different treatment.

An example offered by Jean-François Revel in *How Democracies Perish* illustrates the situation. According to Revel, soon after the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, a "group was organized, the Palme Committee, which denounced American imperialism, condemned the neutron bomb, and campaigned against Euromissile deployment in Western Europe. Only months after the Red Army marched into Afghanistan, Palme, who had demonstrated in the streets of Stockholm ten years earlier against America's presence in Vietnam, visited Moscow to examine with ["Americanologist" Georgi] Arbatov ways to counter the warmongering by the United States and other members of the Atlantic Alliance."

One can only assume that the Soviets' actions are undertaken not out of foolishness, but by design. If so, given the behavior described above, the question emerges: How can one intimidate someone who is already terrified?

The other theory is that the USSR is conducting a program of high-stakes

reconnaissance in an area of vital strategic importance. This theory is based on the proposition that the Soviets are not overly expansionist; they just want the land next to theirs.

The importance of Scandinavia to the Soviets is an accident of geography, with a not insubstantial role played by two strange-sounding acronyms, SOSUS and GIUK.

While the USSR is larger than the next two largest nations on earth combined, and has a vastly longer coastline than any, it is also the northernmost major power. As a result, that long coastline is virtually useless for most strategic purposes. Since they have few warm-water ports, the Soviets are vulnerable to "chokepoints," bottlenecks through which their ships must pass to get to the open sea. There are two such chokepoints between the Soviets' main naval base at Murmansk and the Atlantic Ocean, and both are controlled by NATO.

The first lies between Spitsbergen Island and Norway, where the Barents Sea funnels into the Greenland Sea. These narrows are sprinkled with hydrophonic listening devices anchored into the seabed, which are in turn hooked into listening posts in northern Norway. Through this network, Soviet submarines can be identified and tracked, with near-instantaneous transmission of the data to Allied commanders. The network is called SOSUS, or Sound Surveillance System. The Soviets don't like it very much.

As if that were not enough for Soviet planners, there is another SOSUS-lined chokepoint barring the potential raider from reaching the Atlantic hunting ground. It is generally referred to as the GIUK (Greenland-Iceland-United Kingdom) Gap, and consists of two natural bottlenecks between these landmasses, which mark the division between the Norwegian Sea and the Atlantic Ocean.

With SOSUS, it is unlikely that in wartime substantial numbers of Warsaw Pact submarines could slip through to the Atlantic. And while NATO strategists worry about marauding Soviet aircraft and pre-positioned submarines, they are cautiously confident that the Atlantic could be kept open to resupply Europe so long as the greater part of the Soviet fleet was penned up in Murmansk, the largest naval complex in the world.

Which brings us back to Sweden.

Retired U.S. Air Force Major General Richard C. Bowman recently wrote in *Armed Forces Journal International* that the USSR almost certainly covets Scandinavia, with Norway the particular prize. He noted that northern Norway could provide the USSR with air and naval bases 750 to one thousand nautical miles closer to the Atlantic than it now possesses, with commensurately improved air cover for submarines breaking through the GIUK Gap into the Atlantic. New basings in Norway would in themselves render the first SOSUS line meaningless.

In essence, a successful Soviet move into Scandinavia would turn NATO's left flank, to the profound detriment of its strategic position. The political consequences would be incalculable. And to get to Norway, a NATO member, the Soviets would probably have to go through Sweden.

Bowman ultimately discounted the possibility of a Soviet attack, his judgment based both on improved Allied plans for reinforcement of Norway and on a perceived Soviet disinclination to start a war whose first inevitable consequence would be the integration of Sweden's still potent military into NATO.

Cold Comfort

OTHER MILITARY observers maintain that Soviet interest in the Karlskrona region is unconnected with any planned grab of Norwegian territory. They predict that that task will be assigned to a new Soviet Arctic Front army, while the long-standing Northern Front force assaults the Baltic coastal areas on its way to Denmark. The distinction is not altogether comforting to the Swedes.

They are comforted by the Soviets' traditional caution in foreign military adventures. But that historical reserve has been grounded in the conviction that time, and history, were on their side, and not the West's. Until recently, this has appeared to be a shrewd assessment. But stiffenings of Western resolve, along with increasing and seemingly intractable problems in its own system and sphere of influence, may signal the Kremlin that the future is not necessarily Soviet. If so, the temptation to act while the "strategic correlation of forces" is still relatively favorable may be overpowering.

Meanwhile, the Swedes are deliber-

ating their response to the situation. Ambrose Bierce defined "deliberation" as "the act of examining one's bread to determine which side it is buttered on." King Lear's fool told him of a man who, "in pure kindness to his horse, buttered his hay." Stockholm's reactions increasingly indicate whose hay is being buttered, and why.

Sweden's Western Front

SWEDEN, for example, has gone out of its way to make it clear that its neutrality will be strictly enforced against all comers. This February, a ten-day military exercise labeled Western Border proved a gritty determination to defend just that. The scenario used 22,000 men, five thousand vehicles, and one hundred aircraft in a spirited defense of the homeland against Norwegian aggression. The exercise, one of the largest of its kind since World War II, was designed to silence critics who complained that Sweden's defenses faced only east. (So do France's.)

In March, Swedish Foreign Secretary Pierre Schori told a meeting of senior defense planners that the government was considering revising its policy of shooting down cruise missiles. That policy was acceptable so long as the targets were eastbound NATO missiles; the violation of Norwegian and Finnish airspace by a Soviet SS-N-3 cruise missile this winter indicated that the policy could no longer be construed as merely a slap at NATO, so it may be scrapped.

Those violations of Swedish territory are also increasingly being denied in official circles. On January 31, a report was released which claimed that the number of serious reports of foreign violations of Swedish waters had declined from 1983. There were "only" twenty such sightings in the last three months of 1984. At least four were confirmed. "Very occasionally, they were of such a nature as to justify the conclusion that alien underwater activity probably took place on Swedish territory," the report said.

A few days later, Foreign Minister Lennart Bodström told six Swedish journalists that he didn't believe there had been *any* Soviet incursions into Swedish waters since 1982.

Apparently, Bodström did not credit either independent sightings or more tangible evidence such as ripped fish-

ing nets and positive induction-cable readings. (But elsewhere the threat was taken more seriously: Sweden recently purchased and began testing two new mini-sub, built in Yugoslavia, the same sort that has been giving its anti-submarine forces fits since Muskö. One design carries one man, the other carries two. Both can operate at depths of up to 160 feet. They will be added to the navy's anti-submarine forces.)

This surprising declaration of Bodström's quickly resulted in an opposition motion of no confidence. The respected defense minister, Anders Thunborg, announced his intention to resign after this fall's parliamentary elections, no matter what their result. (He denied, not altogether convincingly, that his decision was linked to the Bodström affair.) The motion was defeated, but some Social Democratic members did voice displeasure with their government's handling of Soviet relations.

The palpable sense of Swedish unease is somewhat mitigated by the oft-cited "Finnish example." In the Winter War of 1939-40, a massive Soviet offensive against Finland was hurled back; Soviet jackboots never marched through Helsinki. Most sources have estimated Soviet casualties at between half a million and one and a half million, tending toward the higher figure. Finnish losses approximated seventy thousand.

The figures are misleading. The Finnish losses, minuscule compared to the

Soviet losses, represented one-fourth of the Finns' total force. The subsequent peace treaty resulted in the cession of the Karelian peninsula and other territories to the USSR, with 400,000 refugees given ten days to relocate. Finland was forced into a Soviet-styled neutralism, abdicating any substantive independent foreign policy, a situation that still exists. In retrospect, while the Red Army hardly distinguished itself, it won.

The comparison is also misleading. The 1939 Red Army was a rabble; its best officers were dead or imprisoned as a result of the 1936-39 Purges, its troops ill-equipped and ill-trained. The 1985 Red Army is arguably the most powerful force in history. Comparisons between the 1939 Finns and the 1985 Swedes are similarly troubling. The Finns were hardy, resolute, and given to extraordinary acts of heroism in a cause whose fundamental value they never questioned.

Meanwhile, the Associated Press reported, in a story datelined April 11, that the "Swedish navy fired anti-submarine grenades today at a suspected foreign submarine near the entrance to Karlskrona Harbor on Sweden's southeast coast, according to the national news agency TT.

"The shooting incident took place about 18 miles from the Karlskrona archipelago, where an intense submarine hunt took place. . . . No foreign submarines were ever trapped . . ." □

A Revision

Wherever a Catholic sun doth shine
There's lots of laughter and good red wine.
At least I've always heard it's so:
Benedicamus Domino.

—HILAIRE BELLOC

The Catholic sun no longer shines.
He seldom laughs and often whines.
And, sad to say, he does not know
Benedicamus Domino.

—FATHER KEVIN LUTZ

THE HONG KONG CONNECTION

ON SEPTEMBER 26, 1984, Britain and the People's Republic of China jointly announced that in 1997 Hong Kong would be turned over to Peking. For fifty years after that, Hong Kong, although under Communist rule, *might* retain its capitalist structure; Peking called this innovation *one country, two systems*. Hong Kong, Deng Xiaoping told the world with some fanfare, would serve as a "blueprint for the inevitable reunification with Taiwan." For Taipei, "blueprint" has always had a favorable connotation, in the context of the country's rapid growth; but it sees Deng's blueprint as simply a threat of takeover.

Another word being used in connection with 1997 is "deadline." "In Chinese," says Tsao Boh-yi, "that translates as *end of life*." He sketches Chinese characters in the air. "End of a life for Hong Kong, hmm?" Mr. Tsao, deputy director of the Institute of International Relations, a Taipei think-tank, is regarded as the most knowledgeable man in Taiwan on the subject of the Mainland.

"You notice," he says, "that promise about Hong Kong's keeping its status quo for fifty years after 1997—you notice the *if*: If the citizens of Hong Kong so vote. But a resident of Hong Kong is anyone who has lived there for seven years. Already, we hear, the Communists have infiltrated more than twenty thousand cadres. Each year for five more years they can send in thousands more. In 1997, how do you think these cadres will vote? And then what will happen to the people of Hong Kong?"

It is the question asked everywhere: What will happen to the people of Hong Kong? There are five and a half to seven million of them, 98 per cent of whom are Chinese.

"This is a moral issue," says Chang King-yuh, director general of the Government Information Office. "Why is the world not more concerned? These

are people who for many years have been used to freedom." Behind his words floats the image of another people used to freedom—the 19 million Chinese on Taiwan. "When the Berlin Wall was built, America and the European nations rallied round. President Kennedy went to Berlin. Remember —*Ich bin ein Berliner*." Now Britain has asked the people of Hong Kong to write letters if they oppose the agreement, giving their names and addresses—which, of course, would then be on file for the Communists. And when people didn't write, they said this means the pact is agreeable. Can the world believe this?"

The director of the Institute of International Relations, Yu-ming Shaw, a former professor at Notre Dame, explains: "Traditionally, Chinese people do not speak out publicly on vital issues. They endure for as long as they can. Then they escape."

The Right to Come Home

THIS RAISES the question so vital to Taiwan: Escape where? It is a question not only of heart, but of face. The Republic of China on Taiwan regards itself as the legitimate government of all China. The people of Hong Kong are Chinese. Do they not have the right to come home? But home, just now, is a few small offshore islands and one main island about half the size of South Carolina. Nineteen million people are crowded into this small space, two-thirds of which is mountainous. It is already one of the most densely populated countries in the world.

Nancy Yu Huang, publisher of the *China Post* in Taipei, waves that aside. "If we do not take those who want to come, it will be our everlasting shame."

The debate churns on. One country, two systems—it won't work. It can't. The average wage in Hong Kong is 18

times the average wage on the Mainland. How could Peking keep millions from rushing to Hong Kong? It's only a trick. Perhaps not, others say. Perhaps the Communists will keep their word. They need the hard currency Hong Kong earns. Also, they will want to look good to the West . . .

"Promise is one thing, performance another." Han Liu-wu is a scholar and former ambassador. "Past experiences with the Communists do not suggest that it is wise to hold high expectations. And even if Deng were sincere, he is eighty. Where will he be in 1997? Who will follow him—and with what ideas?"

"We must be ready," says businessman Laurence Ting. "This is not a hypothetical issue. People with money and connections are already getting out of Hong Kong—to America, the Bahamas, Australia. And look here in Taipei: In the last year, how many new shops, new restaurants have opened with owners from Hong Kong? Lawyers who do immigration work are getting rich. No—our government must plan now. We should open offices in Hong Kong, so it can be decided who is coming, how many. That will give others time to try to go somewhere else. Otherwise, if we wait—in 1997, boat people! Chinese boat people!" A tall man, he flings out a long arm that somehow fills the air with boats. Fleeing Communism. Beating for Taiwan. "And how will we know who is really a refugee and who is an infiltrator? And then what will we do—send out gunboats? No, the government must act *now*."

The government is acting. In October of 1984, President Chiang Ching-kuo established a high-level committee under Vice Premier Lin Yang-kang to

Mrs. McSherry, who writes film scripts, magazine articles, and short stories, has recently returned from a trip to the Republic of China.

deal with the issue of Hong Kong. Every cabinet minister is a member of the committee, an acknowledgment that the problem hits every aspect of national life. There has been no announcement of an overall plan, but already, in this ministry and that, facts are quietly surfacing. The government will lend money to immigrants to buy homes. It will help Hong Kong manufacturers who want to move their entire plants over to find new locations. It has started to keep 300,000 tons of rice on hand for a possible emergency. It is considering establishing a new town with electronics plants on the offshore island of Penghu. It has promised that all incoming primary-grade children will be enrolled in school.

"Some have felt we should build new schools for these children, who speak Cantonese not Mandarin," says Vice Minister of Education Yuan Tannien. "It is felt their students may not be as—as well disciplined as ours." The unspoken word, *drugs*, shimmers in the air. "There is a great deal to think about. If half a million immigrants . . ."

'This Is China'

HALF A MILLION—it is a phrase you encounter everywhere. For a country of 19 million, it is the equivalent of America's adding two cities the size of Chicago. The cost of settling this many people is mind-boggling. Astonishingly, though, cost is scarcely mentioned—or not cost in money.

"They will be a new core of strength for us," says Nancy Yu Huang. "They will be grateful for a chance to be free. They will be like us in 1949." She is seated in her office at the *China Post*. In 1949 there was no *China Post*. In 1949, Y. P. Huang, Nancy's husband, paid six dockhands in Shanghai a couple of silver dollars each to carry aboard the last available boat a little Volkswagen. It was not precisely his car, but it was as much his as anyone's: Someone else, fleeing Communism, had abandoned it on the dock. Nancy, sent to Taiwan earlier, had given her husband up for dead. "And then," she says, "the dead man drives up." He did not stop driving. Y. P. Huang was—and is—a newspaperman, but he had no paper, and he did have a car. He opened a garage. In the course of time, his business grew. He took good care of his customers' cars.

He was particularly solicitous of the cars' batteries. Whenever he sold a new battery, he kept the old one. Eventually he accumulated enough batteries to melt down the lead for type. He did so and started the *China Post*—which has just built an eight-story building on the site of the old garage.

What criteria will the government establish for those wanting to come to Taiwan?

"Anyone who meets the present visa requirements is welcome," answers Ding Mou-shih, Vice Minister of Foreign Affairs. "Anyone who is not subversive and who has one person on Taiwan to vouch for him. Beyond that, it does not matter whether he is rich or poor, a doctor or a laborer." He leans forward earnestly. "We *must* say this. These are Chinese. This is China."

The most important word in Taiwan today is freedom. It is the word that defeats Deng's ploy, which holds out one enormously potent appeal: reunification; going home. To no one does the call of home ring stronger than to the Chinese. Those who came to Taiwan in 1949 do not forget that they came because they were defeated by Communist troops; they do not forget the land of their birth. One of these men says softly, "When I dream, the landscape is the landscape of home." Deng is baiting his hook with this dream.

China News editor James Shen, former ambassador to the United States, retorts: "We're not rising to the bait. I don't think he ever thought we would."

"He's aiming his blueprint at Washington." The speaker is the Kuomintang's Harvard-trained deputy secretary, Yang-jeou Ma. "Deng wants to make Hong Kong and Taiwan look like parallel situations—which, of course, they're not. Hong Kong is a city that was leased to the British, and the lease is running out. We are a country. We don't have just a lease on freedom."

"Remember what Tip O'Neill said about the PRC," Yu-ming Shaw reminds me. "He asked, 'Why, with all they've got to do, do they keep harping on Taiwan?' And the answer is clear: Like them, we are Chinese, but we are a success and free. Our system works. Theirs is a failure. We make them look bad."

Taiwan has learned from crises: Others can take away a UN seat or

diplomatic recognition, but they cannot take away what you do yourself. And Taiwan does well. Taipei sparkles with success: The people are well dressed, confident, smiling. The stores and the streets pulse with life. The pace is fast and friendly. It is Houston without the boots.

The Strongest Ties

HONG KONG is today the world's third largest center of international banking, but with the Communists moving in, it is expected that the big banks will be moving out. The implications of this are not wasted on Premier Yu Kuo-hua. For many years head of the Central Bank of China, he smiles and says, "A new development for the Republic of China—offshore banking." He adds that the major bank of Hong Kong—the long-established Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank—has recently upgraded its Taipei office to the level of a full branch. There are indications, he suggests, that Hong Kong capital will find it convenient to transfer. "We welcome this capital."

J. K. Loh, Minister of Finance, explains that what the country needs is more venture-capital companies. To this end, he says, Taiwan is going to offer greater tax incentives to hi-tech manufacturers.

It is hard to think of what could be done to offer investors more encouragement. Taiwan's highly productive labor force is one of the best in the world. The government already gives new industry tax holidays. An annual profit of 30 per cent is not unknown.

It is hard, too, to understand why, in a country so shinningly successful, there should be such non-stop, across-the-board emphasis upon yet further profits, more industry, increased exports. Could not high-level concentration be better put elsewhere—say, on national defense?

Without the question's being put to him, President Chiang Ching-kuo answers it. "Our relations with other countries are very important to us—especially the United States." He acknowledges his country's loss of most of its diplomatic relations, and adds, "But we have what we call substantive relations. We have strong ties."

At first it appears that the president is referring to the 11 trade-promoting and visa-granting offices that unofficially carry on official business—offices like

Japan's Interchange Association and the United States' American Institute in Taiwan. Then he asks, "Did you get to Kaohsiung this time?"—and the answer is there. Anyone who has seen the huge containerized ships loading at the port of Kaohsiung and at Keelung in the north knows: This is one of Taiwan's strongest ties. Company signs and logos all over the island underline its strength. Phillips: Dutch. Lloyds: British. Nissan: Japanese. Grundig: West German. GE, Ford, AT&T: American. The ambassadors are gone, but foreign representation is alive and well on Taiwan. Foreign plants mean far more than just money. In a very real sense of the word, they are an arm of national defense. The shipping lanes that carry Taiwan's exports are lines of defense. Each new foreign investment is a substantive relation.

The People's Republic is big and near. If, down the road, it insists that Taiwan accept reunification or take its

chances with less peaceful moves, then what? The ever-growing number of factory chimneys send smoke signals to the West: We are here. We are your partner. We are part of the free world.

Staying Put

AND WE plan to *stay* part of the free world." In the offices of the Department of Cultural Affairs, Director James Soong speaks emphatically, earnestly. "Our freedom is not negotiable. Some people say, 'Why don't you just sit down and talk with the Communists? Americans talk with Russians.' But Americans talk with Russians about disarmament. They are not talking about becoming Russians! No. There is only one thing to say: *No*." He shakes his head. "We may be stubborn, but we are not stupid."

James Shen muses: "We've fought Communism for so long, it would be

illogical to give up now when we're better off than ever. Could any sensible person expect us to trade what we have for this mirage of a blueprint?" He sums it up. "We're not buying."

Outside the *China News*, it is the evening rush hour. Every thoroughfare is a river of traffic. Motorcycles three and four abreast speed past like an unending rally. With them go two lanes, four lanes of taxis, buses, and cars—thousands of cars. At a corner where last year a modest two-story house and shop stood, the metal bones of a new tower shoot up into the evening sky. Three or four stories above the street, two men in hardhats stand on a catwalk suspended from a giant Tinker-Toy scaffolding. One man holds a long roll of paper. He unwinds it, points to something. Both men nod. Blueprint. In Taipei, it still means a plan for new construction. It is five hundred miles and 12 years from Hong Kong, 1997. □

Save at the 7-11 Lucky Thrift Casino

WITH SOME savings & loans in Ohio and Maryland in trouble recently, you may be sure that others are going to be treating their customers with special care and using every gimmick possible to hang on to them. Just last week, in fact, I went down to my local financial strip and walked into the 7-11 Lucky Thrift Casino, which used to be Consolidated Savings & Loan.

I was met by a smiling teller wearing a croupier's hat with a sign on it reading DEPOSIT WITH DENISE—I GIVE THE BEST ODDS. "What would you like to drink, sir," she purred huskily, "while you wait for our next Hourly Interest Rate Drawing? If, that is"—and she grinned wickedly—"you want to deposit with me."

"I never drink this early in the day," I replied primly.

"Bacon and eggs, then? Other savings casinos on the strip are giving away doughnuts in the morning, but at 7-11 we like our customers to have a good, hot breakfast under their belts before they hit the counter."

"Over easy," I said.

While frying a rasher of bacon, she said, "If you want to come back later, we have a Happy Hour when we offer 5¾ per cent on our Paymore Pass-book Accounts."

"Five and three-quarters!" I cried. "Why, I can get 8 per cent with a Secured Superchance Sweepstakes Account at Swinging Thrift down the strip."

"That's getting eight the hard way," she said, handing me my breakfast. The bacon was neatly curled into dollar signs. "We offer lots more than that on ours. And if you're lucky, you can win one of our free gifts when you take a flyer on our T-Bill-Plus-Question-Mark Bigbang Account."

"What kind of a gift?"

"Six pairs of suede shoes? Ten dozen sauerkraut cookies? *The Encyclopedia of Oxen Yokes*? A stuffed mongoose? A safe deposit box?"

"Lots of savings & loans are offering free safe deposit boxes."

"Filled? And how about our unique Save-a-Kid Program? If you're too busy to use our Drive-Up Window and Baccarat Counter, just send in any one of your children over age five with a deposit of \$10,000 or more, and we'll keep him."

"Boy," I said, "you sure are a gambling institution."

She nodded knowingly. "Or you can get a certificate for a weekend for two in Paducah if you deposit \$1,000 in our Jackpot Allcard Account."

I asked her to explain.

She stopped doing her buck-and-wing in mid-wing and jumped back down on her side of the counter, grabbed a handful of credit cards, and began fanning them. "Pick a card," she said. "Any card. If you pick the right one . . ."

She was interrupted by a gentleman wearing a tuxedo and a waxed mustache.

"Savers," he announced, "place your deposits."

My teller led me to a felt-covered table. I licked my lips; my hands began to tremble. I thought I had kicked the habit, but right then I knew I was still a compulsive saver.

Hooked, hooked, hooked!

A man in a checked coat sidled up and whispered, "Psst, Mac. Put ten gees on 11.9 per cent Overinsured Fastbucks with a lifetime raincoat plan."

"Ten gees!" I cried. "All I have is fifty bucks."

Immediately a security guard with a poker face called me a flimflam artist and threw me out onto the strip.

So I blew my \$50 on wine, women, and the second at Hialeah. It was one heck of a lot easier.

—JOHN KEEFAUVER

CUBS LOSE, PHILLY WINS

APRIL 12 was a fine summer day in Chicago, and I did something I've wanted to do ever since I was 11: see the Cubs play at Wrigley Field. The sun was shining, the bleachers were packed, the wind was blowing straight out to center field—and the Cubs lost, 5 to 1. But for those attending the Philadelphia Society's 21st national meeting, at the lovely Drake Hotel, a quick El ride away, the Cubs' loss was the last disappointment of the weekend.

The official theme of the meeting was "Many Voices: Varieties of Conservative Thought in the Eighties." But, as with every Philadelphia Society meeting of the Reagan era, no matter what the official theme, the actual preoccupation was: How're we doing? And the answer, from many fronts and in "many voices," was: Not enough—but enough to keep us going.

The proceedings got under way—after registration, presided over by Norma (Mrs. Commodore) Lipsett and her team, and cocktail hour, at which, as every year, old friendships are renewed—with the dinner speech by Evan Galbraith, U.S. ambassador to France.

Mr. Galbraith was introduced by Daniel Oliver, general counsel of the Department of Agriculture, who remarked that the ambassador, an investment banker in civilian life, has, by his staunch and active defense of the President, wrought a wondrous change in the liberal establishment's hierarchy of concerns: Suddenly "Flora Lewis, of the *New York Times*, is worried about an international banking conspiracy!" After all, Mr. Galbraith's President has been "doing things like lowering taxes and freeing Grenada." To quote Mr. Oliver's Burnhamite summation: "In the war we are in, Ronald Reagan rejects the suicide of the West—he predicts the coming defeat of Communism."

Alas, Mr. Galbraith's own remarks were off the record. But I do not think it will break his confidence to

say that he was convincingly upbeat about the Administration's steadiness of foreign-policy purpose, or to repeat the story he told about Ernest Bevin, the former head of the British dockworkers' union, who became Foreign Secretary in the middle of Potsdam. Upon returning to London and being asked how he had got along with Stalin and Molotov, he replied, "Ow, I know those blokes—they're just like the bloody Commies!"

The next morning, kicking off the main business of the weekend, *NR* Senior Editor Jeffrey Hart addressed the title of the first session, "The Conservative Counter-Revolution." The topic, he said, "implies that there has been a prior revolution." And indeed there has. Take, for example, the new assumption that the government has a right to a large chunk of private income, the Supreme Court's "fundamental attack on limited government," or the systematic downgrading of the notion of America as the "arsenal of democracy." But the counter-revolution is now picking up steam, as witness the tax-simplification movement, the Pershing and cruise missiles, the SDI, and the growing common sense of the Supreme Court. So, "one has a right to feel pretty good." And yet "there is a certain shortfall." The conservative movement, to too great an extent, "has not possessed and embodied Western culture." Economics and strategy are not enough: "The point of politics is to make culture possible," because it is our Western culture that gives us the strength to fight on—and tells us what we are fighting for.

Author and consultant Otto Scott then directed our attention to the root question, What makes a revolution? Referring to Crane Brinton's classic work and to a new monograph by Ellen C. Myers, Mr. Scott pointed out that while a revolutionary cadre is needed to set it off, it will not get far without majority discontent—"the sea

within which the revolutionary fish swim." Professor Myers's research on Russian society has added a new twist to the thesis. She says that fully a third of the Great Russians within the polyglot Czarist Empire were Old Believers. The imperial structure relied on these traditionalists; and yet Peter the Great alienated them when he allowed innovations from the top in the Russian Orthodox Church. Over the next century, they became increasingly disaffected, and simultaneously they became very successful commercially. Thus, despite profound differences, they were willing and able to support the radical revolutionaries. "Without them, the revolution could not have occurred."

The New Old Believers

THIS FACTOR has more than a little application to today's world. Iran, for example. The Shah's biggest mistake was listening to Western "experts": "The more the Shah Westernized, the more he lost the allegiance of the Iranian traditionalists." At a different level, something of the same thing has happened within the mainline churches in the United States. We have seen "changes introduced from the top without any regard for the attitudes and beliefs of the congregations"—what James Burnham called "the disdain of the governing class for traditional citizens." What our society needs, said Mr. Scott, is our own revolution—or, a better word, reformation. The Russian Old Believers opened a sluice gate "through which the Bolsheviks could flood; *our* Old Believers could create a dam by which the Bolsheviks could be bottled up."

Columnist and commentator Jeffrey St. John, harking back to the theme, What are we willing to fight for? suggested as an area of immediate concern nothing less than the U.S. Constitution. He warned of the liberal campaign to "hijack the Bicentennial," coming up in

1987, in order to "lay the intellectual and political groundwork to enact major changes in the Constitution." He warned us especially to remember—if we start to think, as many tax-reformers do, that a new constitutional convention would be a good thing—that the Philadelphia Convention of 1787 was convened solely to revise the Articles of Confederation.

This last point led to a lively discussion in which Lew Uhler, of the National Tax Limitation Committee, offered the soothing reminder that a) there would be ground rules "clearly limiting the subject matter of an amendment," and b) 38 states would be needed to ratify it. But Forrest McDonald, speaking as an American historian, replied: "For those of us who've lived in the 1780s most of our adult lives," this debate brings an eerie sense of *déjà-vu*.

The luncheon speeches began with tributes by John Howard and Gerhart Niemeyer to two recently deceased conservative luminaries, Leopold Tyrmand and Eric Voegelin. Tyrmand, said Mr. Howard, felt a fierce affection toward "his adopted *patria*" and was "more attuned to the American temper, American virtues, and American heritage" than most other immigrants. Mr. Niemeyer saluted Voegelin as the greatest pathologist of the "malaise" of our times, "the first to provide a depth analysis of ideological falsehood," to which he gave the name gnosticism.

All Together Now

NEXT, Philadelphia Society President M. E. Bradford offered some "presidential obiter dicta" on "what it means to be conservatives acting in concert." Ours is a native conservatism, not an import—yet "the reason there's still a free world is that this quirky conservatism realizes it is part of a world phenomenon." Above all, we must remember that our movement is based on loyalty, not just position papers. We must "resist the temptation to let the Left tell us what is respectable conservative opinion. If we cannot tell our grandmother from a wolf . . ."

This "world phenomenon" was the subject of both afternoon sessions, led off by Paul Gottfried, of Rockford College, with a *précis* of the German situation that takes on added currency

post-Bitburg. Voltaire, Professor Gottfried recalled, described Frederick the Great as "a king of bits and pieces," and German conservatism nowadays is no less fragmented than Germany historically has been. There are Habsburgians, Reaganites, liberal regionalists, and Europeanists; and the whole collection "lacks a center"; it has "a diminished national consciousness," owing partly to the way the nation was formed in the first place, but also, of course, to the "re-education" after the war.

Thomas Molnar, a Hungarian émigré, now an American, brought us a report from his first adopted country, France. ("I only made this sacrifice of going to Paris to bring you this news," he said unconvincingly.) He began by warning that it was as hard to explain the French Right to Americans as it is to explain American conservatism to the French. We think they're "statist"; they think we're "only concerned with making dollars." Indeed France has, ever since the thirteenth century, had "a tradition of statism." Power has always been centralized, and no French government will give it up (although they all promise to). On the other hand, no French government can take too much, either—when the doctrinaire Socialist Mitterrand (correct it: Mitterrand "isn't a Socialist, he's an Opportunist") tried to go too far, he had to retreat precipitately.

Frederick Wilhelmsen, remembered by charter members as the Philadelphia Society's Torquemada of the Sixties, was less sanguine about the situation in Spain. "Spain," he said, "has not fared well since the advent of democracy. Not a thing has been built; not a tree has been planted." Generalissimo Franco "left a rich legacy to a not so young Prince." But Juan Carlos subsequently accepted "the Rousseauistic doctrine of the sovereignty of the people" and agreed to reign, but not to govern. So that today, "practically every monarchist is opposed to the King; every republican looks to him as the guarantor of their political system."

Following a brief coffee break, Eamonn Butler of the Adam Smith Institute in London re-approached the differences between Anglo-American and Continental thought, this time from the Anglo side. British political thought has been more empirical, more skeptical than Continental, from Hume, through Benton and Mill, up to Mi-

chael Oakeshott, who "doubts the wisdom of anybody to engineer society." The UK today has a broad spectrum of conservatism—Hayekian, neo-liberal in the nineteenth-century sense (Mrs. Thatcher is of this group), High Tory—even though all varieties of conservative academic thought were hurt first by the postwar Brain Drain; and then, and perhaps more devastatingly, by the divisions wrought within the British Conservative Party by the Heath debacle. However, in the Thatcher years hope has begun to flower again, and the landscape is now dotted with freedom-minded think-tanks, which in turn provide aid and comfort to the government—a synergistic relationship.

Unblissful Ignorance

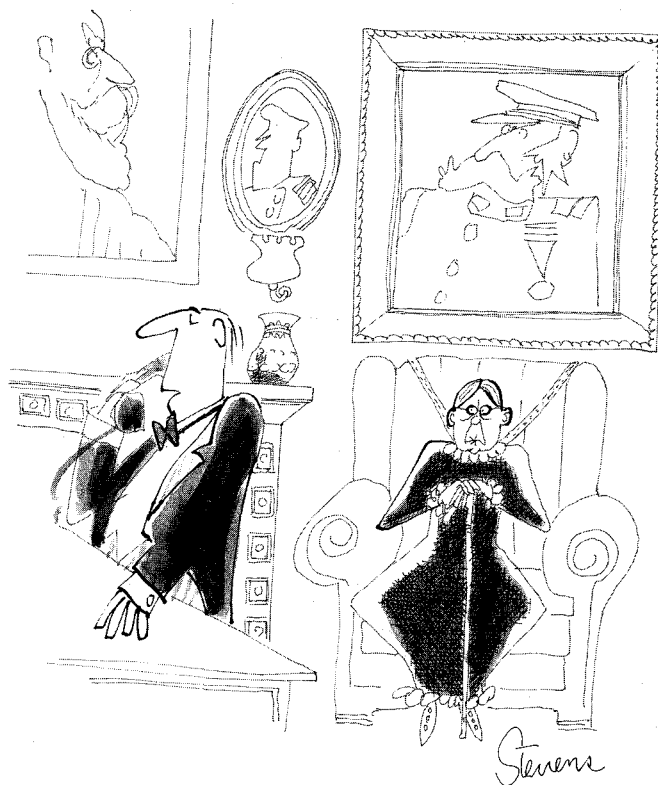
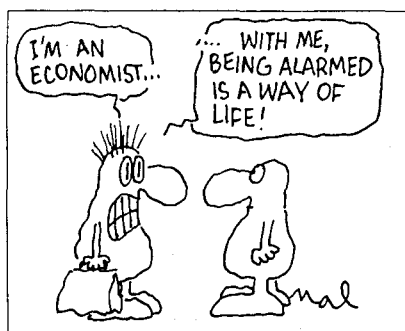
PHILIP POWELL, a knowledgeable *gringo* from UC Santa Barbara, warned that *norteamericanos'* ignorance of Latin America is generally matched only by their confidence that they have all the answers for the region. Take, for example, the popular belief that there is no middle class in Latin America. In fact, this class is large and vital, and it produces most of the region's thinkers; applying Otto Scott's point, we might also note that when it gets fed up with a regime (as in Nicaragua, as in Chile) it will permit the revolutionaries to tear it down. Then there is our virtually total ignorance of the size, and the traditional conservatism, of the Indian populations of most of these countries.

The older Central American rightists, he said, are anti-Communist, Christian, Western-oriented traditionalists—"though increasingly disillusioned." The newer ones are businessmen and younger professors, who are more interested in individualism and economic freedom. Both sorts have trouble understanding "the link between American anti-Communist rhetoric, and what we concretely do in the region," and although buoyed by Grenada, they haven't forgotten the Carter years.

Businessman Brian Tracy wound up with a report from a country that Americans tend to forget is a foreign country: "Just think how much attention you would give Canada if we were to turn Communist and enter into alliance with the Soviet Union." But ignore them though we may, Canadian conservatives like the United States.

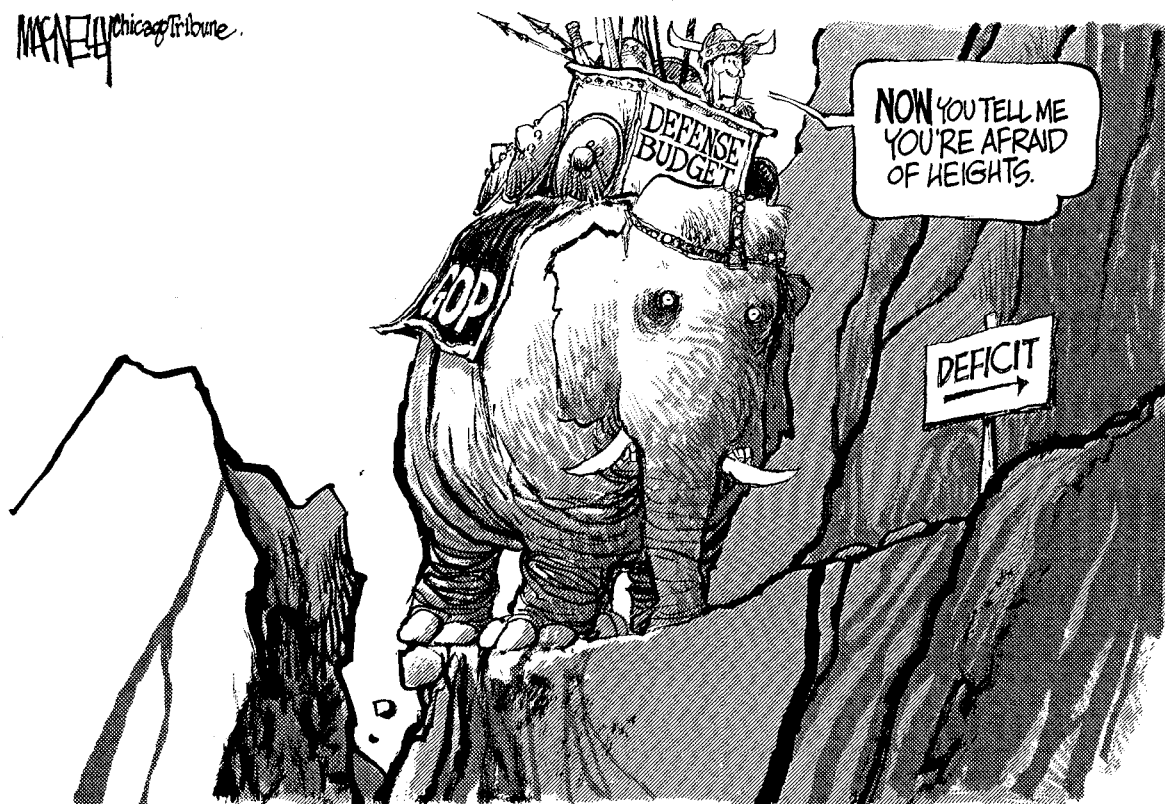
(Continues on page 53)

help



"I'm sorry, Madam doesn't accept obscene phone calls, but she suggests that you might try your congressman."

MANEY Chicago Tribune





"Now, before we Sunset Sirens hit the streets,
remember: no more than \$3.50 an hour lest
we lose our Social Security."

Signs of Spring

The birds are back; the buds explode.
The apple pies are *à la mode*.
In pastel Paris, romance reigns,
While rains in Spain fall on the plains,
And carpet-bombing of each clan
Commences in Afghanistan.

W. H. VON DREELE

NO FUN IN THE SUN

DOES THE free world need *another* United Nations? Well, it had one, briefly. It was the International Youth Year Conference, a gathering of more than a thousand young people from more than a hundred nations of the non-Communist world, held over Easter in Kingston, Jamaica.

Abstractly considered, it seemed like a good idea: a junior-varsity UN called, in the words of Jamaican Prime Minister Edward Seaga, "to examine first principles . . . and to prepare action plans for the advancement of the ideals and principles of parliamentary democracy." More particularly, the notion was to counter the vast Soviet world-youth apparatus, which will bring ninety thousand socialist, Communist, and Third World young people to Moscow this summer for the 12th World Festival of Youth and Students. In practice, it proved to be a great carnival of fustian and buncombe, most of it at America's expense.

I attended as a member of the 75-man U.S. delegation, which was evenly split between conservatives and liberals. On the right the standard organizations were represented—Young Republicans, College Republicans, Young Americans for Freedom, Moral Majority, the Intercollegiate Studies Institute, and so forth. But the composition of the liberal delegation was quite curious. Hardly a single garden-variety Democrat or Young Democrat could be found. Instead, the delegation consisted of an *outré* collection of leftist fringe groups dominated by Frontlash, the youth arm of the AFL-CIO, and by the Social Democratic Party of America. This hodgepodge was supposed to be representative of American liberalism's future, which let us hope it is.

Our delegation was entitled to five votes on each of the three committees—namely, Peace, Participation, and

Development. This meant in effect that the conservatives could cast two votes, the liberals two, and the fifth was cast only when both sides agreed. Each nation at the conference commanded five votes, so that Tuvalu, say, regularly outvoted the Reagan Administration's policies 5 to 2. Equal representation for unequal countries amounted to an open invitation to America-bashing.

Granted, the conference's anti-Americanism was muted by the hospitality of our Jamaican hosts, who understood that the get-together had been an American idea in the first place, was being run largely on American money (through the United States Information Agency), and ought not to repudiate the nation whose providence extended to the protection of many of the assembled countries (e.g., Grenada) from the depredations of the Soviet Union. Granted, too, that the absence of the Soviets and their allies reduced anti-American sentiment to a fraction of its vehemence at the United Nations. Still, despite the hopes of the organizers of the conference, a majority of the delegates turned out to be interested mainly in denouncing the United States. Thus we were treated to an eloquent Panamanian diatribe against Yankee imperialism, and to a Dominican Republican objection to an American amendment declaring that the "willingness and ability to defend against aggression is the best deterrent to aggression."

The conservatives in the American delegation expressed a reservation over a resolution condemning "the use of slave labor in forced-labor camps" in the Communist bloc and South Africa, on the grounds that no forced-labor camps existed in South Africa. The conference exploded in paroxysms of rage and indignation. Delegate after delegate condemned South Africa as the worst regime in the world, and some even averred that discrimination against blacks was per se the most heinous and immoral crime possible.

American liberals gleefully joined in the attack on their countrymen, whose spokesman was denounced as a racist.

The business before the house was a draft Declaration of Principles prepared by the International Secretariat, the organizing authority of the conference. This draft was an attempt to state certain "first principles" of Peace, Participation, and Development, but it succeeded in stating only diffuse truisms, cowardly ambiguities, and manifest falsehoods. The conservatives in the American delegation arrived in Jamaica bearing an alternative document, which, with international backing, was circulated under the auspices of the "Liberty Caucus." This was speedily voted down in each of the committees; in the Development Committee it was shanghaied on a bogus procedural vote before it could even get a hearing.

BY THE END, it was clear that the vociferous states of the Third World, together with America's wily Social Democrats, had the power to pass virtually any outrage they pleased. The Declaration of Principles, bad to begin with, ended up being much worse, endorsing the Law of the Sea Treaty's collectivization of the ocean floor, rejecting "the compulsory repayment of external debts by the poor countries," and condemning "arsenals of nuclear weapons" as "a threat to peace, freedom, and the very survival of our generation."

There were some encouraging aspects to the conference: the inspiring presence of Afghan freedom-fighters; the spirit and constancy of the outnumbered conservatives; the quiet way in which America's (few) allies still look to us for leadership. The really good news was that conservatives from the U.S., Europe, Latin America, and Australia agreed at the end of the conference to form their own youth organization—details to follow. □

Mr. Kesler teaches political science at Claremont-McKenna College in California.

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NATO AND THE NEW UNILATERALISM

AN UNFORTUNATE fact looms over the fortieth anniversary of the Second World War's end: Many veterans of that war will not be here to celebrate the fiftieth. Those who survive will almost all be more than seventy years of age. The war and its aftermath—including the development of our structure of alliances—are fading from living memory.

It could not have happened at a worse time. Never has the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, the keystone of America's relations with all but one of its principal allies, faced so many influential critics on both sides of the Atlantic. A strong summary of the arguments being employed by the defenders and detractors of the status quo appears in the current issue of *SAIS Review* (Winter-Spring 1985).

Sir Oliver Wright, Great Britain's ambassador to the United States, begins his contribution with a discussion of several seismic shifts that have affected the transatlantic alliance. He points out that, in the generation since the founding of NATO, power and population in the United States have shifted dramatically from the East Coast to the Sunbelt. And, as economic and political power has shifted West, ever more attention has been given to Pacific nations. (Since 1978, the U.S. has had more transpacific than transatlantic trade.) Second, Europe is now vastly more prosperous—closer to being the United States' financial equal—than it was in the early days of the alliance. Finally, "the generation now on the threshold of power was not responsible for the postwar world, nor do they have memories of its creation."

Other problems go even deeper. Sir Oliver cites different understandings of the adversary. "The European members of the alliance—living close to the Russians for centuries, and next to the Red Army for decades—inevitably view the Soviet Union in a different light than do Americans, who are lucky

enough to live several thousand miles away with friendly neighbors to the north and south." Furthermore, the Europeans and Americans had quite different experiences of détente. "Détente worked well for Europe . . . [but] détente outside Europe did not work for the United States." Sir Oliver cites the invasion of Afghanistan and Cuban aid to Angola and Central America as weighty matters "from America's global perspective."

The ambassador strongly defends the European members of the Atlantic Alliance from the charge that they are not contributing sufficiently to their own defense. He points out, for example, that the Europeans have in all three million men under arms, compared to the United States' two million. He reports, somewhat testily:

The facts are that, apart from 70 per cent of the alliance's fighting ships in the eastern Atlantic, on the central front Europe provides 90 per cent of the group forces, 80 per cent of the combat aircraft, 80 per cent of the tanks, and 90 per cent of the armored divisions; these are all dedicated to defending the Western front line . . . the U.S. front line . . . the front line of the free world.

Well, then, why all the fuss? For one thing, some policy analysts think the strength of the alliance's conventional forces should be increased, and that it is up to the Europeans to carry the burden (while the U.S. continues to be responsible for most of the nuclear defenses). Furthermore, there is the matter of cost. In the same issue of *SAIS Review*, in an article suggesting that the U.S. should slowly withdraw troops from Europe, Laurence Radway cites a 1984 Defense Department cost estimate for "American forces already in Europe, plus those earmarked for European duty in the event of a *prolonged* war," of \$177 billion.

Yet what is primarily at issue is neither force improvements nor costs.

For those who nowadays challenge the NATO status quo oftentimes come with impressive pro-defense credentials. As Radway points out, "It is significant that critics of the U.S. contribution to NATO include conservatives as well as liberals, and that the conservatives now appear more influential." Some libertarians oppose NATO, as do old-time isolationists, but the most interesting critics are those Radway calls "globalists." They believe in an American mission, but have little faith in or patience with our European allies. "Some globalists fear that West Europeans have become regional isolationists, too insensitive or too soft to fight. In their view, only America possesses both an accurate vision of the worldwide Soviet threat and the will and ability to meet it."

Radway concludes, "There is in America a growing peevishness about what is felt to be excessive European self-concern, and a readiness to respond with some form of shock treatment."

THE FACTION that wishes to cause a rethinking of America's relationship to NATO and the European alliance is growing in strength and influence. Already several prominent defense writers have posited that America should diminish its commitment to Europe. They suggest this not because they are isolationists, but because they see as a plausible option—indeed, possibly a necessity—unilateral intervention on the part of the United States. The hope is that a new American posture will shock Europe into a more robust self-defense, while freeing the U.S. from the distraction of its allies' sideline coaching.

Whether this is ingenious strategizing or dangerous self-deception, we are sure to be hearing a great deal about the future of the Atlantic Alliance. □

Mr. Scully is editor of This World.

BOOKS ARTS & MANNERS

KNOW YOUR ENEMY

Joseph Sobran

This War Called Peace, by Brian Crozier, Drew Middleton, and Jeremy Murray-Brown (Universe, 307 pp., \$17.95)

IT'S SIMPLY amazing how little we know our enemy after forty years of cold war. "Bargaining" with the Soviets still means the maximum American concession that can be made without embarrassment. We speak of "the success of the talks," while they think in terms of the success of the Soviets. Both sides usually get what they seek.

This War Called Peace is a short, clear-headed history of the cold war by three men who know how it looks through Soviet eyes and therefore know how to tell it from the Western point of view: Brian Crozier, Drew Middleton, and Jeremy Murray-Brown. The key is that the Soviets always view reality under the aspect of power; their major premise is that in any dispute the Soviet side (or the side most "objectively" favorable to the Soviets) is right. The West habitually considers any settlement that gives the Soviet side less than 100 per cent of its announced goals a successful compromise.

You have to lose your innocence somewhat in order to deal with people who define every situation to their own moral advantage. Crozier, Middleton, and Brown are thoroughly versed in the necessary double-think: They nev-

er take a Soviet utterance at face value, unless perhaps it's a soliloquy. Like the Soviets themselves, they construe all that is said in terms of its power-value. Their consistency in viewing everything through this lens makes this brisk survey refreshing to read.

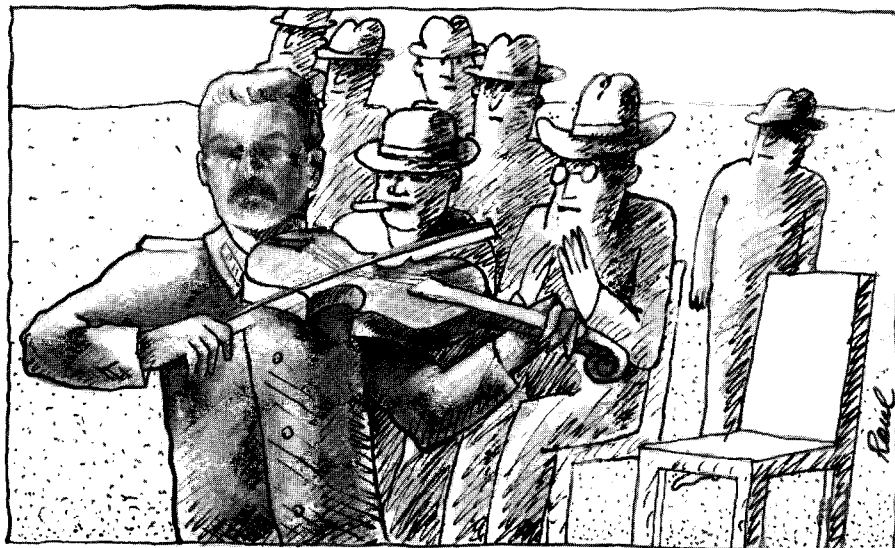
It begins at Yalta, where Stalin had the cunning to see and exploit the petty rivalry between Roosevelt and Churchill. If Roosevelt comes off badly, Churchill doesn't look much better. Comparing his postwar presentation of himself as a firm anti-Communist with the available records of his actual behavior, the authors find him "a strangely disturbing personality" who countenanced and was even willing to assist in Soviet atrocities.

The worst such case was what has been called Operation Keelhaul—the Allied repatriation of millions of Russians and other Eastern Europeans, pursuant to a 1944 agreement made by Churchill and Anthony Eden in Moscow. These people were brutally shipped home to face almost certain death. American troops helped. "Even now, the enormity of the betrayal has not penetrated to the mass conscience of the West. But it has to be account-

ed as a crime on a par with the Nazi attempt to exterminate Jews and the Soviet murder of tens of millions of men and women whom Communist 'law' condemned as 'enemies of the people.'"

American and British leaders never asked themselves why so many Russians had refused to go home voluntarily or even took up arms against Stalin. This, the authors observe, is "the strangest aspect of this terrible affair." It makes the Nuremberg trials seem the most priggish ritual in human history. The assignment of all the guilt to the Nazis was a convenient evasion of the full reality of the war, but the Hitler-centric view of evil brought the West its own punishment in the form of a disabling moral blindness that has prevented it from coping adequately with its mortal enemy.

Under the circumstances, Harry Truman grows in stature. He was a hack politician, with no experience of managing foreign policy, who inherited a legacy of appeasement and connivance with Communism. Yet he saw through Stalin almost immediately, and he brought moral toughness to the role destiny had given him. What this coun-



Arnold Beichman, Visiting Scholar at the Hoover Institution, is the author of *Herman Wouk: The Novelist as Social Historian*.

David Brooks, an NR staffer, is working on a book about discipline in the high schools.

Jeffrey Meyers is the author of *The Enemy: A Biography of Wyndham Lewis* and *Wyndham Lewis: A Revaluation*.

Terry Teachout is assistant editor of *Illini Review* at the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign.

try had done to deserve him rather than Henry Wallace is a question best left to theologians. Conservatives may want to dispute the authors' judgment that he was right and MacArthur wrong in Korea, but I must say I find their analysis persuasive.

One of the virtues of the book is its clear-headed balance between moral condemnation of Communism and realism about how to oppose it. It should be obvious that the most extreme measure isn't always the wisest, but both sides in foreign-policy debates usually confuse strategy with sympathy. *This War Called Peace* never makes that mistake. Whether it is discussing Korea, the Bay of Pigs, Suez, Vietnam, or Hungary, it consults the map and the current correlation of forces before evaluating anti-Communist moves. This is hard to do at a time when the first problem is generally to convince people that Communism is both an evil and a threat, so that the anti-Communist is tempted to feel that *any* action is better than none. If there were still a strong anti-Communist consensus in the West, the folly of this attitude would be clearer to conservatives than it is.

The agonizing absence of such a consensus underlies the book's last and most critical chapter. "Public opinion," say the authors, is "a hoax, a fiction, an intellectual illusion."

What the intelligentsia describes as public opinion is in reality no more than the opinion of like-minded people who need each other's reassurance that they are not alone in their views.

This, then, is how the so-called consensus comes into being. It mistakes its own intellectual conformity for mass opinion, and its propensity for doing so is increased in direct proportion to the increase in the means of communication at its disposal. For as the means of communication increase, so do the numbers of would-be communicators who swell the ranks of the intelligentsia and so persuade themselves that they are indeed participating in "a genuine mass movement."

Further, we should note that this conventional wisdom, or consensus, is in effect a form of death-wish. Why else should intellectuals seek to submerge themselves in "a genuine mass movement" if not to serve mass power, or totalitarian power?

Despite their Marxist heritage, the Soviets have understood better than we that, from the perspective of power, the critical fact is control not of

the means of production but of the means of mass communication. They know as well as Madison Avenue the sheer long-run power of relentless repetition. The Soviets have been superb in marketing a product that leaves most consumers unhappy. After 68 years, word of mouth still hasn't caught up with the ad campaign.

We have a stupid habit of talking as if what we call mass communication were merely an extension of conversation, deserving of equal freedom for the same reasons. But conversation means give-and-take, in serial exchanges of attention. Mass communication is a deaf and domineering organ, whose inherent defects aren't remedied by Op-Ed pages. Argument can hardly compete with image. It may be true that Communism has murdered several times as many people as Nazism, but how many of us have ever seen a photo of the Gulag? □

PUBLIC MESS, PRIVATE FUNCTION

David Brooks

Challenge to American Schools: The Case for Standards and Values, edited by John H. Bunzel (Oxford, 248 pp., \$19.95)

THERE ARE three startling facts about the recent excellence-in-education movement. First, there is virtually unanimous distress over the soft curricula, permissive behavior standards, and trendy teaching philosophies that prevail in our public schools. Second, there are a number of promising reform proposals that have support among the general population as well as among powerful business, media, and political figures. And third, despite all this, the reform movement has fizzled out; aside from a few statewide reforms in the South and some minor

reforms elsewhere, any attempts to significantly improve public schools have been beaten back.

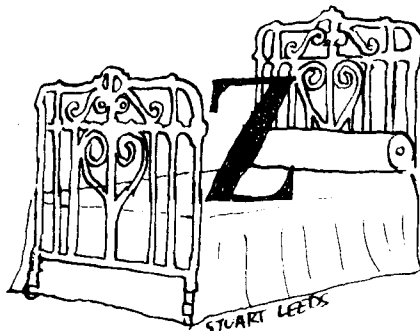
Just as the reform movement was losing momentum, John Bunzel asked several of America's leading educators—Diane Ravitch, Chester Finn, Nathan Glazer, Gerald Grant, and others—to contribute essays to his book, *Challenge to American Schools*. Instead of assigning each contributor a topic, and reaping the usual ill-researched, vapid pontifications, Bunzel asked each to summarize the work he or she was currently engaged in. The result is, quite simply, the most intelligent book to be published on education in at least a decade.

Either through Bunzel's editing, or by chance, these tightly reasoned, sophisticated essays cover the major issues of the reform movement without too much overlap. And they do share a common direction. None comes out and says it, but the reader is left with the distinct impression that each author is independently, and reluctantly, reaching the conclusion that the problems with the public schools do not stem from some perverse philosophy or structure that has been grafted onto them. Rather, the problem with the public schools is the public schools themselves.

Here, listed in no particular order, are some of the specifics:

1. The delocalization of schooling has created a vast army of educators who do not work in a school. They are lobbyists, administrators in massive systems, union leaders, education professors, and miscellaneous policy-makers. A federal dollar creates nine times the increase in administrative personnel that a local dollar creates. This is the group responsible for resisting the reform movement. They created the status quo, and they will work doggedly to protect it. Further, this inbred group is the last bastion in America where progressive ideas are taken seriously. Temperamentally, they tend toward ideology and away from pragmatism.

2. Because schools are public institutions, the courts have played an active role in determining how they are run. This judicial intrusion has been particularly pernicious because court decisions are often based on the testimony of members of the educational establishment. As Barbara Lerner describes it, these witnesses tend to ignore



the weight of reliable evidence for the sake of their own interests.

3. Owing to economic pressures and management strategies, public schools tend to be herded into massive school systems. In 1930 there were 128,000 school systems in the country; now there are fewer than 16,000. In huge systems, and in huge schools, education becomes increasingly depersonalized, unresponsive to parental pressure, and disorderly. For example, one study found that there is 200 to 300 per cent more violence against teachers in high schools that enroll more than nine hundred students.

4. Because politicians are the ultimate policymakers for the public schools, teachers' unions, which have immense political power, have undue influence. In 1980, 302 delegates to the Democratic convention were members of the National Education Association. In state legislatures and in Congress, it is virtually impossible to pass a reform opposed by the NEA (Mark White did it in Texas). The NEA has stonewalled almost all reform proposals. It prefers happytalk and painless innovations; in a recent issue of its journal, it ran a serious pro-con debate on the question, "Is it time to give up grammar?"

Under Albert Shanker, the American Federation of Teachers has been boldly advocating reform, even against its own immediate interests. But on salary issues, no union will allow serious changes. Merit pay, and other plans that link performance to remuneration are doomed to failure because unions are locked into the idea that teachers are fungible. True merit pay would weaken and potentially nullify collectively negotiated contracts. Unions will continue to oppose reforms even while union members support them: 87 per cent of teachers support performance-based career ladders; 84 per cent want to simplify the removal of incompetent teachers; 82 per cent support competency tests for new teachers; 57 per cent support periodic competency testing for experienced teachers.

5. Beset by these and other problems, public schools are unable to attract qualified teachers. In 1980, the average verbal SAT scores for new teachers was 339, which is simply pathetic. The smart teachers go to the private schools, even though the pay is lower.

Because of the flaws inherent in the

public-school system, these are boom times for private schools, particularly for small, locally spawned non-Catholic private schools. A plethora of studies, led by the Coleman report, shows that private schools teach more, are more orderly, and are better integrated than their public counterparts. For the first time, a majority of Americans prefer private schools to public (by a margin of 51 to 38). Ten per cent of parents send their kids to private schools (the figure is higher among teachers). Conversely, over the past two decades there has been a 30 per cent decrease in the number of bond issues passed through local elections to support public schools.

If the recent reform movement could not improve the schools, then perhaps nothing can. There is the dawning recognition that, as we continue to tinker with the public schools, we are "losing ground." The contributors to Bunzel's book seem to be headed inexorably toward the conclusion that while the financing of education should remain public, the delivery must become private. Currently, the NEA argues against the voucher plan on the grounds that it would destroy the pub-

lic schools. Very soon, proponents of vouchers will be arguing for them on the same grounds. □

UNHOLY GHOST

Terry Teachout

John Maynard Keynes, by Charles H. Hession (Macmillan, 400 pp., \$22.95)

ROY HARROD'S "official" biography of John Maynard Keynes, published in 1951, was a most unwelcome kind of *tour de force*: a boring book about a fascinating man. One would have thought it impossible to write dully about an economist who claimed that his only regret in life was that he hadn't drunk more champagne, but *The Life of John Maynard Keynes* is grim proof that, to the pedant, all bad things are possible.

Harrod's main problem, of course, was that he was unwilling to discuss Keynes's homosexuality and consequently unable to write honestly about his private life. ("This is the biography of Lord Keynes," a friend remarked after

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RANDOM NOTES

□ MORE MAY TITLES: *The Last Two Years of Salvador Allende* (Cornell, \$24.95), by Nathaniel Davis, is a political memoir by the last U.S. ambassador to Allende's Chile, in which the author denies that the United States played a significant role in the overthrow of the Chilean government. . . . In *All Fall Down: America's Tragic Encounter with Iran* (Random House, \$19.95), Gary Sick lays much of the blame on the Carter Administration's naïveté as well as on diplomacy-by-bureaucracy. . . . Paul B. Ryan's *The Iranian Rescue Mission: Why It Failed* (Naval Institute Press, \$13.95) cites, in particular, poor advance preparation, sloppy execution, and President Carter's concern for immediate political benefits. . . . *Secrets of State: The State Department and the Struggle over U.S. Foreign Policy* (Oxford, \$25), by Barry Rubin, considers the evolution of American foreign-policy-making since Roosevelt and the devolution of the once-proud Department of State, which Rubin claims has come increasingly to be distrusted by the White House staff and the National Security Council.

Roosevelt to Reagan: A Reporter's Encounters with Nine Presidents (Bessie/Harp-

er & Row, \$19.95), by Hedley Donovan (a former *Washington Post* reporter who became editor-in-chief of *Time*), is an interesting analysis of the Administrations of a "not inspiring" procession of leaders, of the "isolation" of the modern Presidency, and of the relationship that has developed over a fifty-year period between the White House and the press corps. . . . *Before the Trumpet: Young Franklin Roosevelt 1882-1905* (Harper & Row, \$19.95), by Geoffrey C. Ward, is full of interesting material throwing much light on the developed personality of FDR.

In *The Rise and Fall of New York City* (Basic, \$17.95), Roger Starr, a member of the *New York Times* editorial board, argues that since World War II a great international cosmopolis has been destroyed by political elites incapable of refraining from incontinent, demagogic fiscal policies.

□ COMING IN JUNE: In *Hawks, Doves, and Owls: An Agenda for Avoiding Nuclear War* (Norton, \$14.95), Graham T. Allison, Albert Carnesale, and Joseph S. Nye Jr. argue for an "owlish" position on the question of national security, i.e., a so-called "middle of the road" approach, which, however, does not seem to lend itself to such strict categorization as the authors claim to find for it. —CW

reading it. "Someone else must write the life of Maynard.") Others have written frankly about Keynes since Harrod—most notably Michael Holroyd in his Lytton Strachey biography and Leon Edel in his elegant *Bloomsbury: A House of Lions*—but Keynes's private life has remained for the most part unchronicled.

Until now, that is. Charles H. Hession, an American economist, has brought out a "personal biography" of Keynes that is certainly an icebreaker. If the author of *The General Theory of Employment, Interest, and Money* was ever really in the closet, Mr. Hession has blasted him out of it once and for all.

Beyond its rather mild shock value, however, it is hard to see any lasting merit in Mr. Hession's book, which suffers from a bad case of undefined audience. Dorothy L. Sayers called her novel *Busman's Honeymoon* "a love story with detective interruptions"; depending on your point of view, *John Maynard Keynes* is either a psychobiography with economic interruptions, a popular biography with technical interruptions, or a critical biography with psychological interruptions. Unfortunately, it is far too short to serve as any-

thing more than a sketchy introduction to Keynes the economist, and Mr. Hession is not nearly good enough a writer to convey Keynes's personality with the force and vividness of a Leon Edel; economists are likely to find *John Maynard Keynes* trivial, lay readers to find it dull.

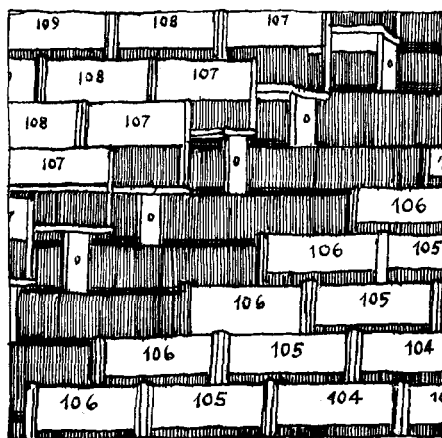
As a psychologist, Mr. Hession is—well, an economist. He has, of course, a theory: that Keynes's homosexuality made him an "outsider" and thus left its mark on every aspect of his private and public life.

Several economists have been puzzled at his critical stance toward English society

—how could an elitist such as he, the precious product of upper-middle-class society, the aristocrat of Eton and Cambridge, take so critical a view of the Establishment? It seems to defy the Marxian analysis of the social class structure and of class consciousness. What such a view overlooks was that as a homosexual he was an outsider, or rather, considering his access to those in power, he was an outsider insider. . . . Keynes's skepticism of conventional belief . . . in [the areas of sex and religion] probably contributed to his questioning attitude toward the respectable and accepted in the economic and political realms.

Leaving aside the absurd image of Keynes as "outsider insider," this is an undeniably compelling argument, one which both George Steiner and Malcolm Muggeridge have made a great deal of in their varying ways. (Commenting in *Time* on the Anthony Blunt case, Malcolm Muggeridge wrote: "I remember reading an account of Lytton Strachey sitting on a rock in the Isle of Skye, weeping over a lost lover he had shared with Maynard Keynes, and thinking to myself how perfectly they got their own back, Keynes by inventing an economic theory which, after a period of spurious prosperity, must infallibly bankrupt the countries which adopt it, and Strachey by overturning the gods of the Victorian age, and with them the virtues such as thrift, hard work, integrity, and truthfulness which they symbolized.") But Mr. Hession drains it of its moral force and reduces it to a Freudian hobbyhorse, dragging in gratuitous citations from one pop psychologist after another to make his all-too-obvious points. The notion of Keynes as the Unholy Ghost of Economics, merrily debauching the currency to get back at the House of Lords for sending Oscar Wilde to jail, is plainly a ridiculous oversimplification; but at least it has an intellectual tang that Mr. Hession's bland excursions into psychoanalysis-and-water lack.

Such a notion might have served as the organizing principle behind a really good popular biography of Keynes—something on the order of, say, Mr. Muggeridge's scathing little book about Samuel Butler. And a pithy brief life of Keynes would meet a real need. No doubt Robert Skidelsky's forthcoming multi-volume biography of Keynes will win the Nobel Prize for seriousness; still, it would be nice if somebody got around to writing a stylish, intelli-



gent book about the late-rising champagne-lover who married a ballerina and whose confused, persuasive theories led to the precarious economic situation the world is in today. Leon Edel or Peter Drucker could have done it. Charles Hession's *John Maynard Keynes*, despite its good intentions, doesn't even come close. □

EZROAR AND WYNDHAM

Jeffrey Meyers

Pound/Lewis: The Letters of Ezra Pound and Wyndham Lewis, edited by Timothy Materer (New Directions, 384 pp., \$35)

IN HIS 1951 review of Ezra Pound's *Letters*, Wyndham Lewis described the tone as "authoritative, not to say pontifical," but said that "his rock-drill action is impressive: he blasts away tirelessly, prodding and coaxing." So the correspondence of two of the most lively, energetic, and original minds of the twentieth century was bound to be interesting. Pound and Lewis had collaborated on *BLAST* ("the great MAGENTA cover'd opusculus"), criticized each other's work, portrayed and parodied each other; and Lewis had done a number of brilliant portraits of Pound. Since both men had notoriously rebarbative personalities, only profound mutual respect could have enabled their friendship to survive the vicissitudes of poverty and prison, blindness and madness.

Timothy Materer of the University of Missouri has done an excellent job of transcribing and annotating these learned and allusive letters, and has provided an illuminating commentary on each phase of the friendship. And yet the exasperating style and repulsive content of Pound's letters after about 1930—when he became obsessed with economics, fascism, and anti-Semitism, and lapsed into a private language—make them torture to read. Some of his puns are mildly amusing (Bertie Rustle, Wm. Jim. [James], Dustyoffsky), but his style is intensely irritating: "Vurry nobl blast, but I dunno az on the interlexshool plane I can accept all yr dicta"; "EF you must diddle an MONKEY with problumbs you take a GNU canvass or paper an you do a ABtrakk dEEsign." Lewis soon con-

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ceded: "I am not very good at deciphering his impulsive and temperamental script," and found Pound's last letters impenetrable. Now that we have the Authorized Version, with all its baffling eccentricities, someone at the New Directions temple ought to translate Pound's gospel into a more comprehensible Revised Standard.

The 252 letters go from 1914 to 1957 (a month before Lewis's death), with a hiatus during the Second World War. Since the best ten letters by Pound and 23 letters by Lewis have been previously printed, and all the unpublished letters have been used by both men's biographers, this collection does not significantly alter our view of their characters and careers.

The main emphasis of the early letters is on how the loyal Pound can get Lewis money, publishers, exhibitions as well as—through the influence of powerful patrons—promotion to officer and then transfer out of the Royal Artillery. Lewis was temperamentally unfit to do any good for himself "in the subterranean galleries of our Aristocratic Golcondas, or amongst the peevish streams of remoter Klondykes." But Pound was a master at handling patrons like John Quinn, who worked like an ox and sent checks to buy art; skeptical dealers, who had to be reassured that the new art was coming in; and lonesome tycoons, who had "no one to play with in between stocks and bonds and the goodlife." Pound's selling the idea of Joyce to Harriet Weaver, who privately published *Ulysses*, "was the nearest approach to supernatural experience Jimmie J. ever knew." But there was no question of Lewis doing anything for Pound, who was also (if not equally) hard up.

Lewis's Great War letters are the best in this volume. He is characteristically vituperative ("may their next fart split up their backs, and asphyxiate them with the odour of their souls!"), showed real courage in combat, and continued to write at the front. He was eager for violent experience that he could use in his art, thought firing Howitzers was appropriate for the editor of *BLAST*, was under heavy fire every day, and fought at Passchendaele.

From an advanced observation post on the top of a hill, Lewis's imagination transformed the panorama of war into an aesthetic spectacle: "I saw an immense and smoky struggle for a village: saw tanks advancing, cavalry

etc.: tanks hit, air fights, [with planes] partially embedded in an archipelago of tiny clouds. . . . Shells never seem to do more than shave the trees down to these ultimate black stakes, except in the few cases where they tear them up, or a mine swallows them." When Lewis passed through the battleground in Flanders where the artist Gaudier-Brzeska had been killed in 1915, "the ground was covered with snow, nobody about, and my god, it did look a cheerless place to die in."

Lewis named Pound his literary executor, instructed him to look after his two illegitimate children, and asked him to write a memoir (as he had done for Gaudier) if Lewis was killed. Pound offered some paternal but witty advice about venereal disease, and feared that Lewis might "spill his gore in heathen and furrin places." But all Pound's extraordinary efforts, Lewis menacingly exclaimed in 1925, did "not give you a mandate to interfere when you think fit, with or without my consent, with my career. If you launch at me and try and force on me a scheme which I regard as malapropos, you will not find me so docile as Eliot." To which Pound bluntly replied: "There are some matters in which you really do behave like, and really do write like, a God damn fool."

In 1925 Lewis had jokingly asked: "Could you get me the Nobel Prize next year? or do you want it your-

self?" In 1948, when their close friend Eliot creamed off the Order of Merit, the Légion d'Honneur, and the Nobel Prize, Lewis was still impoverished and obscure, Pound confined to an asylum for the criminally insane. Struck by the irony of their situation, Lewis observed: "You might almost have contrived this climax to your respective careers: yours so Villonesque and Eliot's super-Tennysonian."

Lewis had abandoned his "disinfectant" political treatises in the 1930s, but Pound remained unregenerate—even after his release from St. Elizabeth's. Lewis wisely urged him to throw his economics books out the window, give up his fascist disciples, and stop his rabid anti-Semitism. He believed that Pound, for all his brilliance, was deficient in perception. After a lifetime of study, Pound had outlived his intelligence. □

FICTION

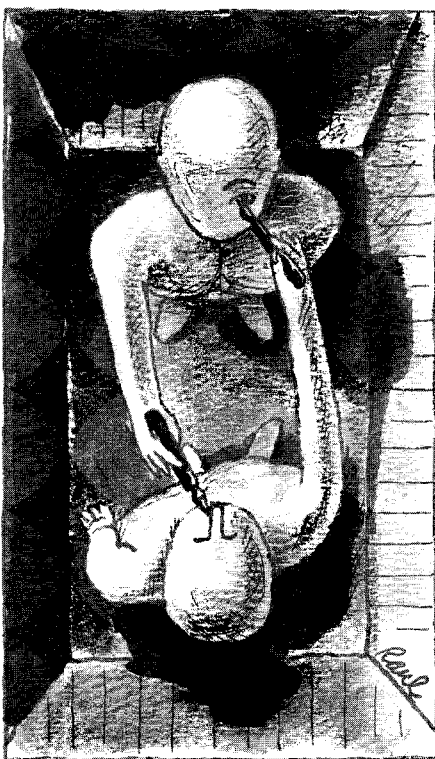
JACOB, ESAU, AND NIXON

Arnold Beichman

Inside, Outside, by Herman Wouk (Little, Brown, 544 pp., \$19.95)

THIS ABSORBING STORY by Herman Wouk takes place in the novelist's favorite locales—Manhattan and the Bronx, where he was born, educated, and lived for about half his life (he has just turned seventy); Washington, D.C., where he has resided on and off for two decades; and Israel, his spiritual home. Much of the novel parallels Wouk's early life: growing up in the Bronx; attending Columbia College during the Depression; after graduation, earning enough money as a radio gag writer to afford a bachelor pad with all the attendant joys in the Essex House hotel, which in the novel is called April House.

The parallelism, more or less, comes to an end when the novel's mature protagonist, I. (for Israel) David Goodkind, 59, comes on the Seventies scene. Like Wouk himself, Goodkind is an Orthodox Jew who spends his spare time writing his autobiography or studying Talmud. Professionally, Goodkind is a prosperous Wall Street lawyer



with a cynical view of taxation; on behalf of his clients, he seeks tax loopholes so as "to limit one's losses to the politicians."

Much to the dismay of his wife, an Adlai Stevenson Democrat, Goodkind accepts an appointment after the 1972 election to the Nixon White House as "special assistant to the President for cultural and educational liaison." His real job, however, becomes that of ethician-in-residence. Nixon speeches are sent to his office in order "to detect and correct ethical sour notes to which [Nixon] and his staff might be tone-deaf." In time he becomes a participant-observer of the Watergate catastrophe. Goodkind is scandalized by Watergate coverage by the media, whose reports "turn out within the week to be exaggerated or phony, but nobody minds, nobody notices, nobody apologizes." He is even further scandalized by the behavior of the "liberal crowd [which was] so indignant and horrified at the way the media were trumpeting Senator [Joe] McCarthy's accusations" during the 1950s but who are now "happy as pigs in clover."

We also see Goodkind, a *yarmulke* on his head, studying Talmud in his White House office during an off-hour. In fact, the opening pages of the novel show President Nixon popping up unexpectedly and even apologetically in Goodkind's office during one of his Talmudic study sessions. Goodkind explains to a curious Nixon what is within that oversized Talmud tome, an event that probably accounts for Goodkind's later transformation into house ethician.

With great skill, Wouk moves between past and present, as he narrates (via Goodkind's draft of his autobiography) the arrival of Goodkind's parents and grandparents from Czarist Russia. There are some uproariously funny stories, especially one about Bobbeh's sauerkraut (*Bobbeh* is Yiddish for grandmother). His chapters about Harry Goldhandler, the king of radio gag writers, are ingeniously plotted and replete with stories about movie stars like Marlene Dietrich, accompanied by Ernest Hemingway, visiting the Goldhandler gag factory in his Central Park West apartment. (I am unsure how closely Goldhandler resembles the real-life David Freedman, a famous joke-smith in his time, for whom Wouk worked after graduation.)

The scenes in Israel with Goodkind

as an unofficial White House emissary, and his meetings with Golda Meir, have an authenticity that will be recognized by readers of Wouk's memorable World War II novels. Throughout these pages, one can see Wouk's mastery of the novelist's supreme art, the ability to relate social history to individual destiny.

The key to the novel, its recurring theme, is in the title and the concomitant implication that the Jew in America has two lives, that of the "outside" existence, whether tax lawyer, presidential assistant, soldier, or just good citizen, and the "inside" existence, the Jew who studies Torah and Talmud, who observes the Commandments and understands the meaning of Israel. The title has a cultural origin. Even outside Israel, an observing Jew will refer to the world outside the Holy Land as "*khutz l'ha'aretz*," outside of the Land.

The "inside, outside" distinction—Jacob versus Esau—is a new departure for Wouk. It is the reason for Goodkind's refusal to marry his first love, Bobby Webb, an attractive, decent woman, even though she is ready to convert to Judaism. So uncomfortable is Goodkind with his behavior during his long affair with Bobby, a Broadway showgirl, that when he makes his final break and weds a Jewish woman, he consigns her to a sort of purdah with the announcement that he will tell us nothing about her except to describe himself as a happily married man. (There is something faintly pharisaical about his ability to reconcile his Talmudic devotion and his orthodoxy with fornication—and with a *shiksa* at that!) Still, this dualism raises questions about Wouk's own views today toward the "outside" culture of which he is so integral a part. Are "inside" and "outside" reconcilable? Not, it appears, for Goodkind.

There has been another and perhaps drastic change in this novel. Among his workbooks, which I examined in researching a short literary biography published last year, I found one on *The Caine Mutiny*. It contains this sentence: "Cut every single bit of foul language in the book. We did it. So can you." The admonition is "signed" by Dumas, Stevenson, Tolstoy, Twain, Conrad, and Defoe. Directly below these mock signatures is the admonition: "Don't listen to them.—Smollett." For nine previous novels Wouk heeded the advice of the anti-scatological

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six. In his tenth novel, he has listened to Smollett instead.

Wouk's earlier reluctance to use obscene language was due not to some lofty puritanism but, as he once noted, because such "billingsgate is largely monotonous and not significant, mere verbal punctuation of a sort and its appearance in print annoys some readers." The 1970s revolution in manners and speech seems to have touched Wouk. I must admit the foul language used by some of the novel's characters, like Goldhandler, is as appropriate as it is inevitable. Perhaps Michael Flanders, the British satirist, best expressed it when he said plaintively: "It's getting so, there are words spoken in public you wouldn't dare use in private."

Wouk is the author of one of the best tragicomedies in our literature, *Don't Stop the Carnival*. As an admirer of his work, I had hoped that his new novel would have the greatness, the epic quality of, say, *War and Remembrance*. And in fact, *Inside, Outside*, an extension of his essay *This Is My God*, is eminently worth reading. But. □

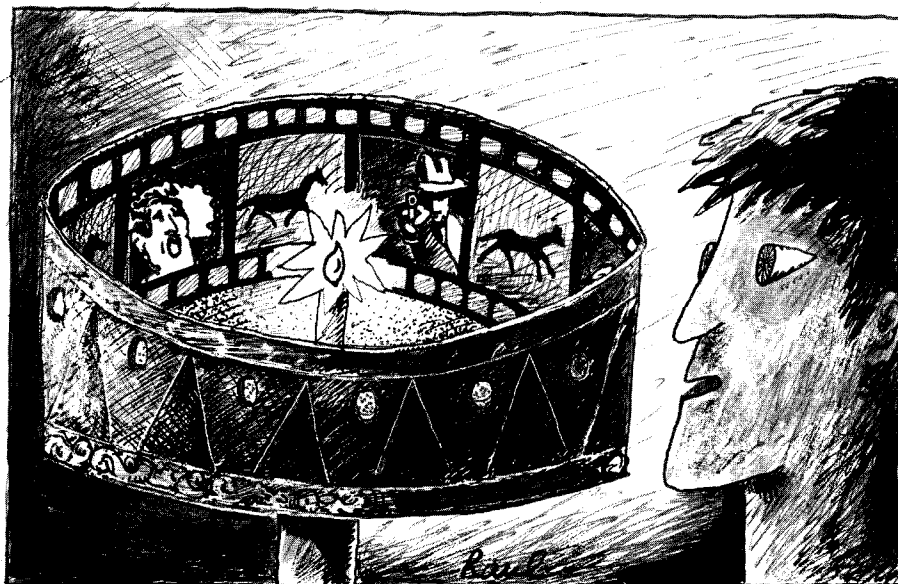
FILM

DEADLY AMNESIA, DEADLIER RECALL

John Simon

SOME MOVIES are so drab and dreary—even if they purport to be giddy comedies, and perhaps especially then—that you could grind your teeth down to the gums writing about this stuff. But that is what's out there, and the reader is entitled to be warned by being made to suffer a bit vicariously. Most of the movies now being produced are aimed deliberately at the youth market, compared to which your average flea market is Sotheby's. I have tried to stick to those that aspire a little higher—say, sweet 16 going on jaded 17—but even these are foolish, bedraggled, pitiful. Take three samples.

Desperately Seeking Susan, by Susan Seidelman, a fairly recent NYU Film School graduate, has received an unfair share of raves along with a few discerning brickbats. I missed Miss Seidelman's first feature, *Smithereens*, the



sort of movie where, I gather, the fuss had less to do with quality than with its having been brought in at a mere \$80,000. But the new one cost \$5 million, which makes it \$4,999,999.98 in excess of the worth of Miss Seidelman's ideas. A ludicrous scenario by Leora Barish has Roberta, a mousy, repressed New Jersey housewife, ardently following around Susan—a swinger and drifter, one of whose lovers places messages for her in the want ads Roberta reads—who now sports ancient Egyptian earrings she has appropriated from a fleeting lover just murdered by his accomplice in an art theft. By a series of complicated and preposterous incidents, Roberta, while wearing Susan's jacket, is hit over the head, becomes amnesiac, is mistaken for Susan both by the other thief out to get her and the earrings, and by Dez, a pal of Susan's main man, who is supposed to be watching over her in the latter's absence. Meanwhile, the real Susan ends up in Fort Lee getting involved with Roberta's philandering husband, while . . .

But why go on? The story is sheer nonsense despite the odd, forlorn laugh; and the film's values are Gordianly confused. On the one hand, we are clearly supposed to admire Susan's emancipated freewheeling; on the other, we are meant to believe that Dez, a dis-trait movie projectionist, and Roberta, the newly liberated drudge (thanks to another knock, she recovers her identity, but only after a night in jail as a presumed hooker, where she learns a lot from a philosophical prostitute, as who wouldn't from someone combining two of the most ancient professions?),

will find old-style, happily-ever-after Hollywood bliss together in the East Village, while the beastly husband will end up alone, and in New Jersey at that. The strategy here is to make facile contrasts between the deliciously madcap life of bohemia and the oppressive and repressive existence (except for double-standard husbands) of suburbia. The stolen earrings and pursuit story are finally just a red herring, and galloping amnesia in 1985 is bad enough to make one wish the screenwriter had been knocked on the noodle instead, and had completely forgotten those lousy old movies from which she was cribbing—even, with a little extra luck, the wretched script she herself was concocting.

Miss Seidelman, except for a doggedly driving energy, shows no special talent, not even for getting much out of her actors. Rosanna Arquette is too sweet for even the merest two-dimensional Roberta, and, as Dez, Aidan Quinn is just a loose-jawed, limp-eyed lug. As Susan, Madonna works out well enough, thanks to her innate quality of not-quite-top-grade meat that has a way of pouting from top to toe. But her acting is only as good as a roulette ball is on a roulette wheel—just try it on a soccer field. One thing about Miss Seidelman's film did, however, strike me. Any number of shots—anything from people getting out of an airplane to hors d'œuvres being served at a cocktail party—are taken with the camera roughly waist-high. Later, seeing Miss S. at a gathering, I found her to be circa five feet tall. So there is a moral to this film after all: One person's eye level is another's belt level.

The trouble is that the moral is of not much greater use than the film.

CONSIDER, NEXT, *Lily in Love*, by that fine Hungarian director Károly Makk, who once gave us the masterwork *Love*, based on two stories by Tibor Déry. Déry, to be sure, is a major novelist, whereas this screenplay by Frank Cucci, whoever he may be, is merely an inept theft from Franz Molnár's famous play *The Guardsman* (1913). Cucci is either not amnesiac enough, for the movie is clear, albeit witlessly updated, plagiarism; or too amnesiac, for Molnár's name appears nowhere in the credits. Either way, Cucci deserves to be conked on the head for this humorless claptrap about a playwright wife, Maggie Smith, and her ham-actor husband, Christopher Plummer, living in Manhattan, where he is an aging, rampaging lion on the boards and a wolf in the boudoirs, while she is a faithful wife and supplier of star vehicles for him. But now she has written a screenplay that calls for a younger leading man, and despite Plummer's fuming, his agent and, with Maggie, co-producer (played with only two expressions, both abominable, by Adolph Green) is looking for another actor. Bribing Green and disguising himself as a blond Italian heartthrob, Plummer lands the part, charms the daylights out of Miss Smith, and soon they're all filming away in Budapest.

Why Budapest? Because *Lily in Love* is a co-production with Hungary, where it costs much less to make such a film. Perhaps, too, there was enough honor among thieves to compel them to make some restitution of hard currency to the country whose most famous playwright was being expropriated. Needless to say, wifey falls in love with dashing Italian, who woos her with the tang of prosciutto and the softness of mozzarella; husband is enraged by his alter ego's success, merely to have wife claim she knew the truth all along. Did she or didn't she? I daresay only her hairdresser knows, and even if he would tell, I wouldn't ask. The movie version implies she did, presumably to satisfy the code of the old fogeys with a mental age of 12 at whom the film is targeted.

It is sad to see how badly someone like Makk can direct when his art is on his sleeve and the dollar in his pocket; so much so that even glorious Budapest and the Hungarian country-

side, where Vergil's *Georgics* could still be shot, are seen to no particular advantage, and a pan from King Matthew's medieval bastion to Conrad Hilton's adjoining modern box is repeated some two or three times. But there is good acting from Maggie Smith, and better from Plummer, who had the plummier role, or roles. Yet what a waste of their talents! And instead of one of the many superb Hungarian cameramen we get one John Lindley, who shot the film in hues worthy of the Danube as not Strauss but the mud it rolls along has colored it.

I HAD HIGH hopes for *1918*, written by Horton Foote, the scenarist of, among other films, the wonderful *Tender Mercies*. This movie, however, is a well-intentioned but unmitigated bore, as only something based on a group of plays about one's own nice, dull family by a nice, sentimentalizing playwright can be. And here there was no Bruce Beresford to direct, only a certain Ken Harrison; moreover, in *Tender Mercies* Foote had to create his characters and story; here he had a ready-made one that neither Marcel Duchamp nor even the cat would have dragged in—only a tenderhearted, nostalgically reminiscing scion.

We are in the small Texas town of Harrison, where the local yokels drill clownishly in front of the town hall on the unlikely chance of fighting in France, where their betters are already beginning to fall. Horace (William Converse-Roberts) has a tailoring and dry-cleaning establishment, but because of his wife, Lizzie (Hallie Foote, the author's daughter), and their baby girl, he won't enlist, his rich, gung-ho father-in-law's urgings to the contrary. Lizzie's younger brother, Brother (*sic*), is, on the contrary, spoiling to go off to war. A college dropout at 17, he spends most of his time at the nickel-odeon devouring jingoistic war films when not incurring gambling debts or impregnating the odd girl. He is also a great purveyor of war news and local gossip, which, in these days of the Spanish-flu epidemic, comes down to who has just sickened or died.

1918 is one part gently bittersweet family conflicts; one part war hysteria as seen through the distancing and miniaturizing end of the telescope; one part involuntary parody, as messengers keep coming to announce the death of yet another person we neither know

nor care about; and several parts sweet affirmation of life. For Lizzie, who lost her baby to the flu when both Horace and she came down with it, is happily pregnant again, and both the war and the epidemic are over, and so, best news of all, is the film, after 91 interminable-seeming minutes. For *1918* is, first of all, evasive, showing little or nothing of the horrors of actual illness, but without finding a stirring poetic equivalent for it, as Katherine Anne Porter did in her novella *Pale Horse, Pale Rider*. Second, it is uncinemantic, in that even the rare outdoor sequences have a static, stogy look about them, as if they had been shot in a penurious studio, although, in fact, the film was made in Waxahachie, where most of the recent movies about lonesomeness in the Lone Star State were shot, and which threatens to become a Disneyland for nostalgic filmmakers.

Third, and fatal, there is nothing new about this film—not a single revelation that makes these people worth recording at length, no epiphany of any sort. It may still be possible to get away with a slice of life, but you have to be extremely careful where you slice it: There is precious little ordinary life—whether of the 1985 or the 1918 variety—that hasn't already been sliced to the bone. The acting in *1918* doesn't add much either. Hallie Foote is too bovinely placid to convey inner turmoil; Converse-Roberts, conversely, looks and acts, somehow, too



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thin, too boyish to suggest a husband to this hefty woman. As Brother, Matthew Broderick is, as usual, full of spunk, but also, alas, full of himself. The best work in the film comes from Rochelle Oliver as Lizzie's mother—hers is the only performance that gives off more than the writing and directing provide. □

DELECTATIONS

WRAPPING UP

Nika Hazelton

HERE THEY ARE: the results of this year's Great Delectations Contest. Contestants were asked to come up with six (6) entries of TOTALLY IMAGINARY LAST WORDS OF FAMOUS REAL PEOPLE, LIVING OR DEAD, in 25 words or less. Well, hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of Delectations readers did, and their entries have now been judged by your totally just and incorruptible judges. But before I go into the contest results, let me tell you how touched and gratified I was by the many contestants who wrote me such kind personal notes, as well as by those—and there were a great many—who thanked NATIONAL REVIEW for the fun they had making up their entries.

Four contestants, all men, stand out from the crowd. NEAL S. FREDERICKSEN (St. Louis, Mo.) shines with six winning entries, as follows: *Walter Cronkite*: "So *this* is the way it is." *Madalyn Murray O'Hair*: "Well, I'll be damned." *F. Lee Bailey*: "The defense rests." *A Soviet Premier*: "Next!" *Will Rogers*: "Until you, Wiley Post, I never met a man I didn't like." *Alexander Haig*: "I guess this means I'm no longer in charge."

Next, with five winning entries, comes V. BENEDICT JR. (Ardmore, Pa.): *Passenger aboard the Hindenburg*: "No, I didn't say psst. Did you say psst?" *Judge Crater's Receptionist*: "His Honor stepped out for just a moment. You may wait if you wish." *Franklin D. Roosevelt*: "Take a letter: 'Dear Mr. Ponzi, thank you for your excellent suggestions on how we may fund the new Social Security program.'" *Architect, Tower of Pisa*: "So use cheaper concrete! Who's to know?" *Neville*

Chamberlain: "Well, Adolf—it looks like we have a deal!"

Next, with three winning entries, MICHAEL TANKSLEY (Brooklyn, N.Y.) dots the i's and crosses the t's: *Nero, Famous Roman Emperor*: "And then I said, 'How about marshmallows for dessert?'" *Descartes, Famous French Philosopher*: "I think I'm dead, therefore . . ." *L. Trotsky, Famous Communist*: "That's no way to pick your friends."

Finally, BOB W. RAGAN (Hollywood, Calif.) claims that the following are the *actual* last words of these famous people (this is up to *his* conscience, not mine): *Socrates*: "Actually, it's low in calories and completely organic." *Dr. Crippen*: "Have you no pity for a widower?" *Marcel Proust*: "What's past is past; who can remember?"

Each of the winning contestants will receive a NATIONAL REVIEW necktie, which, as they say, cannot be bought in any store. The NR ties were proudly worn by your judges as they sat pondering, as on all occasions that require a tie. As for the Booby Prize, none will be given this year. There were far too many contestants eligible for it to allow us to choose a winner.

To conclude, here's a selection of other entries that pleased us. From HAPPY FEDER (Fairfield, Mont.): *Moses*: "Promises, promises!" *Lee Iacocca*: "If I can get a bailout loan from Congress, I can get one from *Him*." From JAMES H. PENDLETON (Canoga Park, Calif.): *Sir Edmund Hillary*: "Is it still there?" *Alexander Graham Bell*: "Mr. Watson—put me on 'Hold.'" From STEPHEN KRUGER (San Pedro, Calif.): *Pyrrhus*: "I've won all battles but this one." *John Birch*: "Right on!" From WARREN TUPPER WAY (Wayzata, Minn.): *Tip O'Neill*: "No more House calls." *Goliath*: "I'm stoned." From HAMILTON NASH (Manchester, N.H.): *Andy Warhol*: "Unfortunately most people won't be able to tell the difference." *Jack LaLanne*: "This is gonna ruin business." From JEAN DAVISON (Burlington, Vt.): *Henry Kissinger*: "Can we negotiate this?" *Samuel Goldwyn*: "If I die, I'll kill myself." From STANLEY FREDERIKSEN (St. Louis, Mo.): *Gian Carlo Menotti*: "To this I've come." *John Kenneth Galbraith*: "I was only kidding." From CATHERINE CHRISMER (Bel Air, Md.): *George Burns*, singing: "Nearer Myself to Me." *Abraham Lincoln*: "I'm moving on to a new address." From CLARICE E. PIANTEDOSI

(Plainville, Mass.): *Marcel Marceau*: " . . ." And her very own last words: "I *will* get my typewriter fixed." Finally, from DAVID SKEER (Marco Island, Fla.): *Richard Nixon, James Hoffa, Benedict Arnold, Ted Kennedy, J. Edgar Hoover, and Geraldine Ferraro* all say: "They'll never know."

As in previous years, I was impressed by the neat and orderly way contestants presented their entries; I only hope their lives run along the same well-ordered lines. Generally speaking, the earlier entries gave us a lot of the two media figures of the period, namely G. Ferraro and B. Goetz. But as soon as these two were off—or largely off—the TV screens, contestants turned to more cultural matters, including many literary figures (almost all of them dead). The contest also showed that our readers take politics and culture seriously (at least, as contestants).

Alas, there were few joyful spoofs. In contrast to previous contests, many contestants were very sure they would be winners. However, even more of them were having fun with the contest—which is the purpose, after all, of a Delectations contest. Again, thank you all for your efforts. As to my own last words: "Why did I do it? But I'll do it again, God willing." □

THE GIMLET EYE

MORPHOGENETICS—PART I

D. Keith Mano

LET ME HAVE your best classroom attention for a two-column span.* There are starquakes going on in scientific thought. Each confident assumption held about our mechanistic universe may have to be reblocked. The torque wrench for this profound revolution is morphogenetics—the theory of formative causation. No hypothesis spun off by Darwin, Freud, Newton, or Einstein will have more momentous effect on human understanding. Forma-

*This article is drawn from several sources: *A New Science of Life*, by Rupert Sheldrake (J. P. Tarcher, Los Angeles, 1981); interviews with Sheldrake in *New Realities*, Vol. V, No. 5, and in *ReVision*, Vol. V, No. 2. Also an interview on tape distributed by the New Dimension Series.

tive causation has been both elaborated and popularized by Professor Rupert Sheldrake, FRS, a plant biologist from my British alma mater, Clare College, Cambridge. Sheldrake, however, didn't originate it. Indeed, the theory of formative causation has lain dormant, an intellectual Godzilla, in scientific conjecture since 1920. Like plate tectonics (now given universal credence) it was disregarded as preposterous. And for good reason. Once accepted, formative causation would require that every district of materialist science be rethought. And this, I suspect, is what will happen.

The theory then. Sheldrake has surmised that morphogenetic (form-creating) *fields* exist. These are spatial and as real as any gravitational or electromagnetic field. They might be called habit patterns of form. An M-field will both order and shape matter—matter in crystal, cell, tissue, organ, whole organism—through *morphic resonance*. At higher levels morphic resonance can influence behavior and even collective thought. But this resonance will transmit only *from like form to like form* (rat shape on rat, tree shape on tree). Moreover (and here you must inhale intellectually) M-fields function not just

across space but through *time* as well. Each previous M-field, therefore, is retained in the present. Thus a species' entire formal history will be available to it at all times.

The overloaded acorn. Sheldrake is a biologist. Biologists, despite their mechanistic orientation, first advanced formative causation to explain perplexing basic phenomena. I'll put it simply: There is too much potential in an egg. Today we understand DNA as chemical machine. But DNA carries the *same* coded set of instructions in *each* plant or mammal cell. Yet, cut any flatworm up and you can create a

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

PARTLY BECAUSE of its indelibly progressive history and partly because it has simply not been around long enough to experience many of history's broadest vicissitudes, the United States is unused to thinking of its salient characteristics as being reversible. The doctrine of democratic positivism has traditionally known no middle ground: History is either the glorious ascension toward the best of all possible worlds or the mindless slide back into the Age of Darkness. Only very, very recently has America been forced to grapple with a central and inescapable paradox: namely, the incompatibility between its materialistic aspirations and the spurious intellectual superstructure that has for generations supported them.

Against the arguments of the current crop of conservatives and neoconservatives, the defenders of the (formerly) mainstream tradition—what Richard Hofstadter in a much-outdated but still academically respected book called “the American political tradition”—have resorted to two basic responses: the first being simply to yell “*Wrong!*” at the top of their lungs, the second to dismiss the entire controversy by remarking, with uncharacteristic docility, that, after all, we cannot turn back the clock; that history is irreversible; and so forth. For a time indeed it seemed that their mystical determinism was in fact unanswerable—politically, if not intellectually. For the past six or seven years, however, a steady stream of books and articles (their theses strangely endorsed by voting returns) have challenged not just decades of faulty

assumptions but the frequently dishonest, and nearly always ingenuous, fatalism that served for so long to preserve them from serious attack.

In his book *From Adam Smith to the Wealth of America* (Transaction Books, Rutgers, The State University, New Brunswick, N.J. 08903; \$29.95), Alvin Rabushka, who is a senior fellow at the Hoover Institution at Stanford University, makes the bold claim that not only should history be reversed, it can be, *and has been*—the proving ground having been Britain in the seventy years between the publication in 1776 of Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* and the establishment in 1846 of free trade in grain in the British Isles: an event which, as Rabushka writes, “Adam Smith dared not contemplate.” Twenty years after that, William Gladstone (“to my mind the greatest figure of public finance the world has ever known”) had completed the counter-revolution from a predominantly mercantilist state to a primarily free-enterprise economy by bringing Great Britain to “a pinnacle of economic liberty . . . [by] reduc[ing] public spending, sharply cut[ting] tax rates, clean[ing] up the tariff, and finish[ing] the task of economic deregulation”; until, by the first centenary of Smith's classic, Britannia could be said to have “epitomized the spirit and reality of *laissez-faire*.”

“Political economy,” Smith wrote,

considered as a branch of the science of a statesman or legislator, proposes two distinct objects: first, to provide a plentiful revenue or subsistence for the people, or more properly to enable them to pro-

vide such a revenue or subsistence for themselves; and secondly, to supply the state or commonwealth with a revenue sufficient for the public services. It proposes to enrich both the people and the sovereign.

Wherever Adam Smith's precepts have been followed, Rabushka argues, they have tended to produce both economic well-being and individual freedom. At the present, they are most dramatically employed in the Pacific Basin countries—Hong Kong, Singapore, Taiwan, and South Korea—to whose successes Rabushka devotes better than a third of his book. But President Reagan's policies, he believes, constitute a “revival” of the free-enterprise ideas that have suffered disregard in this country for fifty years; and in the final part of his study he considers Reagan's “newly charted economic course” in order to evaluate how well its promoters have understood the old principles and how effectively they have drawn upon them since 1981. He concludes that while Reagan's first steps have been modest, they have nevertheless produced modest results—although it will require sustained effort on the part of his successors, stretching well into the twenty-first century, to realize America's vast economic potential.

“Adam Smith wrote in the late eighteenth century. England brought his dream to life in the nineteenth century. Modern Asia shows that these same principles are still in force in the twentieth century. Fully itemized, they constitute a coherent set of economic policies that foster economic growth and nurture individual freedom.” □

new, *whole* flatworm: the complete man might be cloned from one blood cell. What, then, allows that original egg/sperm to become an entire chicken? Or some other cell to become chicken beak, feather, eye? The whole form is fundamentally more complex than all constituent parts. They don't add up. Where, in an acorn, can that ninety-foot oak reside? Morphogenetic theory would predict M-fields for chicken form, chicken wing and heart form, and even characteristic chicken behavior. And your M-field isn't just some inert Platonic ideal of chicken-ness, but an actual matrix or force, such as iron filings register through magnetic response.

The TV-set analogy. Imagine yourself, Sheldrake says, to be a traditional mechanistic scientist. Scientist X has encountered TV for the first time. Figures animate a screen. Inside the set there is intricate hardware: wiring, transistors. Outside, a control panel. Turn one dial and Scientist X will get new images. Remove some essential transistor and the screen is suddenly black. X would be justified in supposing those pictures had been "made" by his set. If someone told X that TV images were broadcast by a transmitter far away, he would probably scoff. The TV signal is undetectable. For Sheldrake, DNA—normal, useful biological science—corresponds to transistor and dial. Fool with DNA, you might tune in on another M-field broadcast. But, generally, the DNA of each plant and animal form is set to receive M-field transmissions for that form. Though, since all past formal history must be present, a somewhat different M-field may be in competition. As with radio night effect. Which would account for the occasional throwback or deformation.

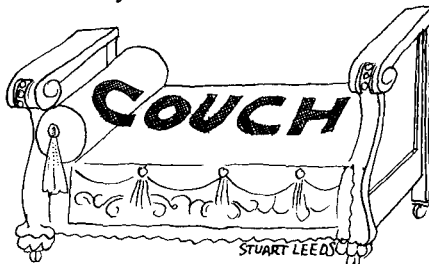
Like-to-like morphic resonance across distance: the legendary rat experiment. At Harvard in 1920 Professor William McDougall tested rat intelligence. He put some twenty generations through the same water maze. To his befuddlement, generation twenty got through much faster than generation one—ten times faster in fact. We know, and McDougall knew, that acquired learning cannot pass genetically. His results were treated with skepticism. To debunk McDougall, F. A. E. Crew at Edinburgh duplicated the experiment. Crew got a numbing result: his *first* generation went through the maze as

fast as McDougall's *twentieth*—some even found their way immediately. Anomalies of this sort—inexplicable until now—have often occurred in animal behavior science. Sheldrake would propose that, by morphic resonance, knowledge could make a transatlantic passage. The M-field for water-maze travel had become available to all like rats everywhere.

A collective unconscious. Sheldrake concludes that time, though directional (past to present), isn't linear. It may be "compressed up against" this present hour. Humanness or catness would exist in morphic resonance as "an average from actual previous forms of the species." And previous *thought*, as well: validation for Jung's popular collective unconscious. A more repeated habit (and the M-field, remember, is essentially just habit pattern in time) would have more absolute persuasive influence. Newer M-fields are "growing." All compete for an embryonic creature. From that one could better understand the temper of any age—Catholicism in 1135, Nazism in 1935. *Zeitgeist* is just another way of describing an extensive M-field with strong resonance.

That famous hundredth monkey. The monkey tribe on an island off Japan was enticed out for scientific observation with sweet potatoes. By chance, one began to dip his potato in sea water: this gourmet preparation apparently gave it a more appetizing bouquet. Soon another had copied the first—then another. But, at some certain point, potato dipping became a simian fad. All monkeys started to dunk. All island monkeys and—it was later found—monkeys on the *mainland* as well. Presumption: any new idea (new M-field) has a critical threshold for resonance. Beyond that (here arbitrarily designated as the hundredth) it will turn irresistible. Hundredth monkey. Or rat. Or man.

Well, you have enough to mull over this fortnight. Next issue I'll discuss the terrific implications of morphogenesis for science, education, and, yes, Christianity. □



BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Polish Campaign 1939, by Steven Zaloga and Victor Madej (Hippocrene Books, 195 pp., \$19.95)

FORGET THE legendary cavalry charge against the tanks, according to the authors of this detailed and technical account of the Nazi invasion of Poland. The only actual charge was a success: A saber charge wiped out a German battalion, but before the Poles could return to their own lines several armored cars arrived on the scene and killed twenty troopers with cannon fire. Italian war correspondents visiting the battlefield the next day were told that the Poles had died while charging German tanks, which became a feature of German propaganda believed to this day. The outcome of any war with Germany was a foregone conclusion: "The tragic predicament of Polish strategic planning was that the Polish army was in a hopeless position if it was fighting the Wehrmacht alone." Yet the authors do fault the efforts of Josef Pilsudski, commander in chief of the army since 1919, to stifle modernization; the flawed leadership of his successor, Edward Rydz-Smigly; and the political pettiness that hindered the forging of alliances with Czechoslovakia and Lithuania. Polish strategy called for the waging of a fighting retreat, night attacks, and maneuvering until the allies arrived—which they never did. "The steel in a soldier's soul would not shield him from exploding shell and shrapnel. The Polish allies betrayed their trust and condemned Poland to hope and sacrifice for a lost cause; an old (and new) story." Heroism, the authors write, "is measured by the hopelessness of the situation. Any soldier can fight when adequately prepared and equipped with the newest technology. Struggling against overwhelming numbers and resources requires true courage." And they offer a taste of gall and wormwood: "It is not entirely surprising that the Poles themselves should have promoted the myth of the heroic Polish cavalry charge against German tanks in 1939. For many Poles, it is a metaphor for more recent confrontations. It hardly seems less plausible than student attempts at reform in 1968, the various attempts at economic reform in the strikes of the

past decade, or the unlikely rise of the Solidarity movement in the early 1980s. Indeed, the odds in 1939 might have been a bit better." JOE MYSAK

BRIDGES

(Continued from page 35)

The Conservative Party, said Mr. Tracy, was thrown for a loop by Pierre Trudeau, who, with his charisma and his utopian notions, plunged Canada into 16 years of chaos. During this time, the Conservatives behaved as stupidly as possible, choosing as their leaders "mediocrities" who would not rock the boat. But finally, in Brian Mulroney, they have a man who not only could lead them to a majority in Parliament, but has some idea of what he wants them to do there.

This 21st national meeting closed with an *embarras de richesses*: It's a physical law that a body can only be in one place at a given time, so we had to choose between two evening sessions: "The Limits of International Law," sponsored by the Center for Judicial Studies, and "Can We Privatize What Government Does?" sponsored by the Institute for Humane Studies. I chose international law; the privatizers whom one ran across in the bars and lobbies afterward had a crusading fervor in their eyes and quite a shopping list (although I don't think I heard anybody mention lighthouses).

In the session I attended, Professor Grover Rees examined the Genocide Convention in the context of international law. You can as a nation, he said, have both sovereignty and international law if you are willing to modify your notion of what sovereignty entails. But you can't have both if you wish to adhere to a written constitution that divides up powers and responsibilities as ours does. As to the Genocide Convention, "It's hard to determine which article of the Constitution it violates the most." For example, its provision about "incitement to genocide" would run smack up against our First Amendment; but if our Supreme Court tried to say so, the World Court would simply overrule it: In international law, pleading your own constitution is no defense. Furthermore, as James Lucier, of Senator Helms's office, pointed out in the discussion period, the Genocide Convention has "very little to do with genocide." Part of the problem in our public discussion of this treaty is that

"we've forgotten what a nation really is": "If 'genocide' means 'nation killing,' then the Genocide Convention is a smoking gun."

Roger Brooks, of the Heritage Foundation, then told of another anti-sovereignty device—in this case one whose threat the Reagan Administration defused. The Law of the Sea, like the Genocide Convention, would have "placed this nation under the jurisdiction of a group of Third World elites." We would have been subjected to a New International Economic Order, and seen the resources of the earth divvied up by the same wonderful folks who run UNESCO.

So, we asked ourselves again in parting, how are we doing? As Henry V might have put it: "Well have we done, thrice-valiant countrymen; / But all's not done—yet keep the liberals the field." □

LAMB

(Continued from page 26)

short hour. They may blossom with fair hopes, but time finds them out, and they fade and die. In a house, in a ship, in any structure, it is the foundation which most needs strength. So it is with the actions of men's lives, which must be founded on truth and justice. And this is not true of the achievements of Macedon.

As he predicted, the Macedonian empire, inspired by Greek culture and Alexander's military genius, passed away after its great leaders died. Demosthenes saw more clearly into the future than many moderns see into the past.

Demosthenes saw that it was not a matter of inexorable growth in Macedonian power, but rather a question of the inevitability of democratic enervation. In one of his later speeches, expressing his exasperation, Demosthenes asked his countrymen:

When shall we be ready to do what is required of us? I suppose, when necessity compels us. What free men would call necessity is not merely upon us now, it is long past. And the necessity of slaves we must hope may not come to us. What is the difference? The free man's greatest necessity is his shame at what takes place around him. Greater than that probably does not exist. The slave's necessity is the whip, and physical torture, which I hope may be as remote from our experience as it is intolerable in imagination.

Is America ready to do what necessity requires? The longer it waits to decide, the less pleasant the choices become.

Great men straddle a fine line between freedom and necessity. If two thousand years from now the United States is not free, and anyone at all is left to do so, many will portray Reagan as a man bound by historical circumstances, just as Demosthenes appears to many today. But Demosthenes was not then, nor is Reagan now, a man enslaved by history. If President Reagan will seize the moment and lead his countrymen to an historic decision, then whatever America's future may be, posterity will have to say we were free to choose. □

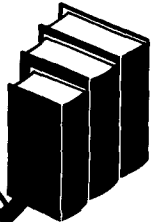


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INQUEST

NEW YORK, MAY 10

A EUROPEAN reflecting on the machinery of American politics must be perplexed, though he cannot hope to be enlightened merely by picking up the phone and talking to a street-smart American. Because it is puzzling over here also. The President of the United States accepts an invitation that includes a visit to a military cemetery in which 49 SS soldiers are also buried, and confronts a political storm. But it isn't a political storm in which the overwhelming majority of Americans are engaged. What emerges is a division between the people and their democratically elected representatives.

After total exposure to the issue, including a most unusual scene featuring the President of the United States being lectured to on foreign policy by someone on whom he had just conferred a medal, a poll (*Washington Post/ABC News*) showed the American people roughly evenly divided on the question whether Reagan should cancel the proposed visit. The poll, moreover, is properly examined with reference to the kind of pressures experienced by the average American. Not many Americans are intimately aware of the delicacies of German politics—aware, for instance, of the leftward lurch of the Social Democrats during the past season, when the leadership went from demanding Pershing and cruise missiles (1979) to denouncing their deployment (1983). But everyone in America either knows, or from frequent television reports feels he knows, a Jewish survivor of the Holocaust: and the tendency is to wish to soothe those whose feelings stand to be hurt, in the absence of countervailing reasons for pursuing a course of action, personal feelings notwithstanding.

But while the American people were divided, Congress was all but unanimous—in opposition to the trip. Indeed, the vote in the Senate was unanimous: 82 to 0. Now, either the people who favored the trip were ill informed, or else the senators were ill informed. But certainly it follows that within Congress (the House voted 390 to 26 against) there was nothing like the division there was among the people who voted to send them to Congress.

Why? Opposition to the Bitburg visit was primarily, though by no means exclusively, voiced through Jewish organizations, the Jewish community taking the position, quite correctly, that its people were the special victims of Hitler. It is quite simply inconceivable that not a single senator on the floor that day sympathized with Mr. Reagan's position that he could not cancel the visit without affecting to our disadvantage German politics. Or, even, that there wasn't one senator there who felt that the President was entitled to follow his own sense of diplomatic priorities. But not one senator voted to back the President. It is as simple as that voters won't ever bring up the question, and seek to chastise a senator who voted against the Bitburg trip. But antagonists would be sure to bring up, in any future campaign, a senator's having voted in favor of the trip. The senators were doing what was safer. They are politicians and are moved by political motives. Let Reagan assume all the blame, they were saying, as they raised their hands to condemn his decision to consummate the visit.

Do they now feel a little bit silly? Mayor Harold Washington of Chicago pronounced that if Reagan went to Bitburg, he would be sowing "the seeds of a new Holocaust." What happens when you say something like that, and then look at yourself in the mirror? Revulsion?

The man who prosecuted Eichmann in Israel said that if Reagan went to Bitburg, Hitler would rise from his grave to proclaim a great victory. Do we have the feeling that that happened, after the events of last Sunday?

Would Hitler, looking down on the proceedings, take satisfaction from them? From being reviled as one of the worst totalitarian monsters in history?

Is there an American who watched tele-

vision on Sunday, who is less adamantly anti-Hitler than he was on Saturday?

Would it be unfair, in fact, to go so far as to say that the events that climaxed with the Sunday visit renewed more ardently than anything done during the past twenty years the memory of the Holocaust?

And do we count for nothing the strengthened hand of the Christian Democratic Party in Germany, whose staunch backing of American foreign policy is crucial to the defense of the Western frontier?

Reagan did the right thing. And he performed splendidly. And he is owed apologies he will never get. □

WHAT IF . . . ?

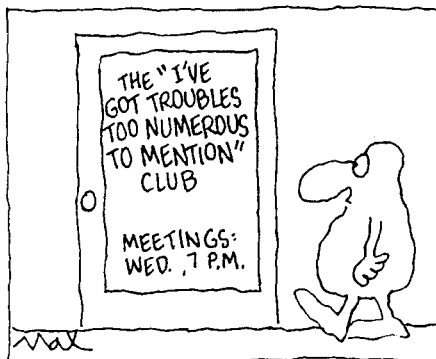
NEW YORK, MAY 15

MY COLLEAGUE the syndicated columnist Joseph Sobran remarked, apropos of the whole Bitburg business, "What if Daniel Ortega and his Sandinistas were Nazis?"

It is a riveting observation. It informs us deeply about the moral scramble of our time, in which as we struggle to remember how hideous was Hitler, we struggle equally to forget how hideous is Communism.

Consider, for instance, the calm revelations of the past few years concerning the Cultural Revolution in Mao's China.

When eighty top journalists went into Shanghai in 1972 with President Nixon there was something on the order of elation: Here, finally, we all were. In the Middle Kingdom. Mao Tse-tung was a hero. True, he was a tough man, but you needed a tough man to create Mao men. En route to China we all read the glowing accounts of Mao's accomplishments, written by Ross Terrill of Harvard, and published in *The Atlantic*. Theodore White, the distinguished American journalist and Sinologist, who was an early enthusiast for Mao, shakes nowadays his head, and says, "We did not recognize just how bad it was." Yes, it was that bad. Brutal killings, torture, categorical imprisonments of everyone associated with the old Communist Party, a despoliation of college life, burned books, anti-intellectualism rife. All the details are painstakingly collected in the meticulous, resourceful book of Fox Butterfield, *China: Alive in the Bitter Sea*.



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We welcome, of course, the regime of Deng Xiaoping, who has studiously attempted to institute reforms, economic and political: without, however, altering the totalitarian nature of life in China. But there is no sense of horror detectable among Americans who visit there, at what happened in China under the banner either of Deng's old boss and mentor, Mao Tse-tung, or of Deng's other boss, Chou En-lai. We treat it as, merely, an unpleasant episode, upon which we do not choose to dwell. It is inconceivable that any American traveling in China would exhibit moral hesitation at fraternizing with surviving members of the Old Guard, those who had a hand in implementing the Maoist Revolution. All but inconceivable that any American staying at home would loudly protest such fraternization as a betrayal of the victims of the regime of Mao Tse-tung, the Great Helmsman.

But all this is also true, though perhaps a little less so, of the Soviet Union, is it not? Two rulers back, less than two years ago, the head of the Soviet Union had been the counterpart of Himmler in Nazi Germany. But about Mr. Andropov we were all tacitly urged to speak in civil accents, and of course there was considerable dismay when President Reagan elected not to attend his funeral. Although he did drop by the Soviet Embassy to write his signature into the official book of condolences.

How come, this disparity in how we feel about evil regimes indistinguishable from one another?

Probably the difference is not much more complicated than that the Soviet Union has The Bomb. If the Soviet Union elected to do so, there would be a world war, conceivably the terminal experience of the planet Earth.

Well now, suppose that Hitler had got himself a bomb, which as a matter of fact he came very close to doing. Imagine that that bomb had exploded over Liverpool in the early spring of 1945: exit Liverpool and, by the way, four little baby Beatles. Suppose Hitler had then said that the next bomb would fall on London, and the third on Paris, unless we came to terms with him. What would have happened? Yes, precisely that. Just as Japan reacted to Hiroshima, so would London have reacted to Liverpool.

So Hitler lived on—in 1945 he was only 56 years old. Say that he lived on to approximately the same age as Churchill, and Mao, and Adenauer, dying a natural death in 1975. There were 300,000 Jews left in the concentration camps when Hitler's bomb ended World War II, so he polished them off, and of course continued to torture and kill and otherwise persecute any dissidents, even as Stalin did. And before he died, he had amassed in Germany nuclear throw-weight equivalent to what the Soviet Union has amassed. Wouldn't

our diplomats be attending anniversaries of Hitler's rise to power, even as they attend, in Moscow, anniversaries of the October Revolution?

One fears that that is the case. That considerations of self-concern govern our moral attitudes. Evidently we need to defeat a totalitarian power before we can settle down to despising it. If Daniel Ortega wore a swastika on his sleeve, the liberals in Congress would be calling for an American Expeditionary Force to crush him. As it stands, he is relatively safe. □

THE PROTESTORS v. MANCHESTER

NEW YORK, MAY 20

SPRING is the silly season for students, but some springs are sillier than others. A bunch of students a fortnight ago closed down, or did so in effect, a building at Columbia University, in protest against something or another, probably South Africa, or Nicaragua, or Chile, or not enough federal aid. They didn't quite reach the heights of their predecessors twenty years ago, who succeeded in wounding Columbia so deeply—turning it into a university in which one could not think or talk or write, without risking goon-treatment—that it took ten years (in the estimate of many who know and love the place) fully to recover. But they tried.

A few days ago a student at Brown concocted a Byzantine complaint against CIA recruiters, and proceeded to attempt a citizen's arrest. So it goes, mostly with impunity, since nobody gets around to prosecuting mere students for interfering with the civil rights of others. But occasionally they get their due. They certainly got it at Wesleyan University, because there to survey their behavior was William Manchester.

He addressed his letter to the student newspaper. In a story in the same paper, a student had been quoted as declaring that "The Marines are basically an instrument of American expansionism." That, he said, was the reason he protested the Marines' presence on campus (they were there recruiting). Indeed such presence was "insulting us by having soldiers in our library." The student classified the Marine credo, thoughtfully, as "crap." A second student tore up recruitment pamphlets in the presence of a Marine captain and his sergeant, telling them, "I feel sorry for the trees that were killed to make these." Eloquent, that. And then a third student rushed into print to boast of his resourcefulness. Having failed to engage the serious attention of the Marines, he wrote, "I asked whether they laughed at their dying buddies." To this, evidently, the Marines answered calm-

ly that they had seen protests before, so our student went on with some wit: "I asked whether it became easier to see people dying after a while."

William Manchester, biographer of John Kennedy, Douglas MacArthur, Winston Churchill, and autobiographer of his own career in World War II, and a member of the community of Wesleyan, addressed a letter to the student newspaper in which he remarked that protests were not unusual, that indeed most American students had been isolationists, even pacifists, before the War. But then—his memory took him back . . .

"After the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, I left college, hitchhiked from Amherst to Springfield, and joined the Marine Corps. It is for me a source of pride that before being discharged in late October 1945, crippled by wounds, I had been twice decorated. But it is a source of profound sorrow, deeper than pride, deeper even than tears, that so many of my fellow Marines—students who had left college campuses as I had—perished in scenes of indescribable horror. It would be unwise to ask me whether we laughed as they lay dying."

Manchester calmly disposed of the notion of the Marines as an "expansionist" force, pointing out that "only Saipan—whose inhabitants voted overwhelmingly to become an American commonwealth"—is now a U.S. possession. Guadalcanal . . . Tarawa . . . the Gilbert Islands are republics. Okinawa was returned to Japan. Iwo Jima is used by both Japanese and American meteorologists. The Philippines got their independence on schedule. And it was of course the same in Europe.

Manchester went on. He noted the newspaper report that in their demonstration, students lay on the floor and "began to moan in the symbolic act of dying."

And commented, "Clearly they knew nothing of how fighting men die. I witnessed over a hundred deaths. Those with the strength to give voice rarely moaned. They shrieked. Bearing witness after that is more difficult. The death rattle is frequent. At the instant of death the cadaver, in a single spastic convulsion, empties its bowels and bladder. If you are fastidious you may be offended by such matters, but I didn't start this. It gets worse. The dark effluvia of the slain follows—in the tropics it follows quickly. The corpse swells, then bloats, then bursts out of its uniform. The face turns from yellow to red, to purple, to green, to slimy black. I mention these details because the students who demonstrated may contemplate an encore. If they are going to do it, they ought to do it right."

Or be greeted by the contempt that is their due, concluded William Manchester, author, intellectual, patriot. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

ALEXANDER HAIG:

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Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

JOHN WILLIAM—Sending you happiest birthday wishes! With love, The Stuffies, Hoffmann, and me.

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C.P.A./M.B.A., Anglican, writer, musician, Tennessee country girl, 30, seeks correspondence with other conservative Christians for friendship, mutual support. Write NR Box 4096.

WIDOWER, 60, works in Congress, wants to meet attractive slender lady, 40–50, unencumbered, from Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi. Hobbies: art, golf, music. Write: 1010 Cedar Ridge, Annapolis, Md. 21403.

PRETTY ATLANTA PEACH, 38, well-preserved, social worker, seeks companionship of energetic man who appreciates WFB, George Will, long walks, good talks, and lox. Write NR Box 4092.

MALE, 39, middle-income, likes sports, music, and the arts, living in Westchester (N.Y.), seeks female, 30s, recent lottery winner. Write NR Box 4098.

CLASSY, VIVACIOUS Connecticut lady, 50, ex-New Yorker, seeks spirited, adventurous gentleman who enjoys NYC and its museums, concerts, theater, and stimulating conversation. Write NR Box 4081.

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WEST AFRICAN MALE, 24, committed Christian, 5'6", interested in bicycling, writing, attending Christian programs. Would like to correspond with a witty, warm-hearted, sensitive single American lady, black or white. Write NR Box 4095.

VERY ATTRACTIVE Catholic professional woman interested in travel, hiking, skiing, music, drama; seeks deeply spiritual Christian man, 28–40, from Southern California. Write NR Box 4101.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA professional, Catholic, 27, 6'4", athletic, handsome; enjoys hiking, biking, skiing, reading, talking, Hollywood Bowl, Amphitheater. Seeks adventuresome female (22–32) interested in sharing some time together this summer. Photo. Write NR Box 4100.

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WITTY ACCOMPLISHED GENTLEMAN, 26, enjoys Nautilus, U2, political economy; seeks livewire lady, San Francisco. Write NR Box 4079.

NEW JERSEY MAN, 31, professional, never married, family values, seeks Catholic, college-educated lady, 22–30. Interests include running, baseball, and politics. Write NR Box 4078.

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GREEN-EYED, SUCCESSFUL Southwestern artist, 42, a vivacious Phi Beta Kappa, seeks Renaissance man of integrity, humor, and fire. Write NR Box 4076.

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

- A. This town gained notoriety on June 18, 1815 22 6 38 109 145 72 98 49
- B. Little white lie 83 118 128 147 51 3 20 139 111 94
37
- C. Prepare the toast (or the boss) 93 33 146 157 19 122
- D. Correct religious doctrine 155 86 10 30 129 65 99 142 73
- E. Probationary period 90 26 50 75 123 56 101 132 8
- F. Presidential advisors 113 159 34 59 14 106 53
- G. Forgiveness of sin 164 5 80 40 107 54 24 89 150 71
- H. One of seven 48 152 102 68 116 18
- I. The networks do this on election night 45 92 115 27 16 125 153 134
- J. An angry hen might look this way 110 63 97 2 82 31 138

- K. Continuing 62 126 161 43 23 76 91
- L. Something to cry on—unless it's cold 42 133 144 95 64 103 17 117
- M. Namely (2 words) 28 162 84 1 108
- N. Brutes 87 114 44 74 154 127 55 12
- O. Incapable of originality 130 112 78 156 35 70 160 96 13 149
52
- P. Raise someone's zeal (colloq.) 137 58 79 25 4 104 121
- Q. City in southeastern Pennsylvania 143 85 29 131 66 119 158 7 41
- R. Seasoned veteran (2 words) 57 163 100 46 11 135 69
- S. Consider the evidence 61 81 39 15 124
- T. C₂H₄ (sounds like your aunt) 36 60 105 88 151 141 9 136
- U. Again provided quarters 21 148 120 140 67 32 47 77

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition*.

See page 56 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 M	2 J		3 B	4 P	5 G	6 A		7 Q	8 E	9 T	10 D		11 R		12 N	13 Q
14 F	15 S	16 I	17 L		18 H	19 C	20 B	21 U		22 A	23 K	24 G	25 P	26 E	27 I	28 M
	29 Q	30 D	31 J		32 U	33 C	34 F	35 O	36 T	37 B	38 A	39 S	40 G	41 Q	42 L	
43 K	44 N		45 I	46 R	47 U		48 H	49 A	50 E	51 B	52 O	53 F		54 G	55 N	56 E
57 R	58 P		59 F	60 T		61 S	62 K	63 J	64 L	65 D		66 Q	67 U	68 H	69 R	70 O
71 G	72 A	73 D		74 N	75 E	76 K	77 U		78 O	79 P	80 G	81 S	82 J	83 B		84 M
85 Q	86 D	87 N	88 T	89 G	90 E	91 K		92 I	93 C	94 B	95 L	96 Q		97 J	98 A	99 D
100 R		101 E	102 H	103 L		104 P	105 T	106 F	107 G	108 M	109 A	110 J		111 B	112 O	
113 F	114 N	115 I	116 H		117 L	118 B	119 Q	120 U	121 P	122 C		123 E	124 S	125 I	126 K	
127 N	128 B	129 D	130 O	131 Q		132 E	133 L	134 I		135 R	136 T	137 P	138 J		139 B	140 U
	141 T	142 D	143 Q	144 L	145 A	146 C		147 B	148 U	149 O	150 G	151 T	152 H	153 I	154 N	155 D
156 O		157 C	158 Q		159 F	160 O	161 K	162 M	163 R	164 G						

THE

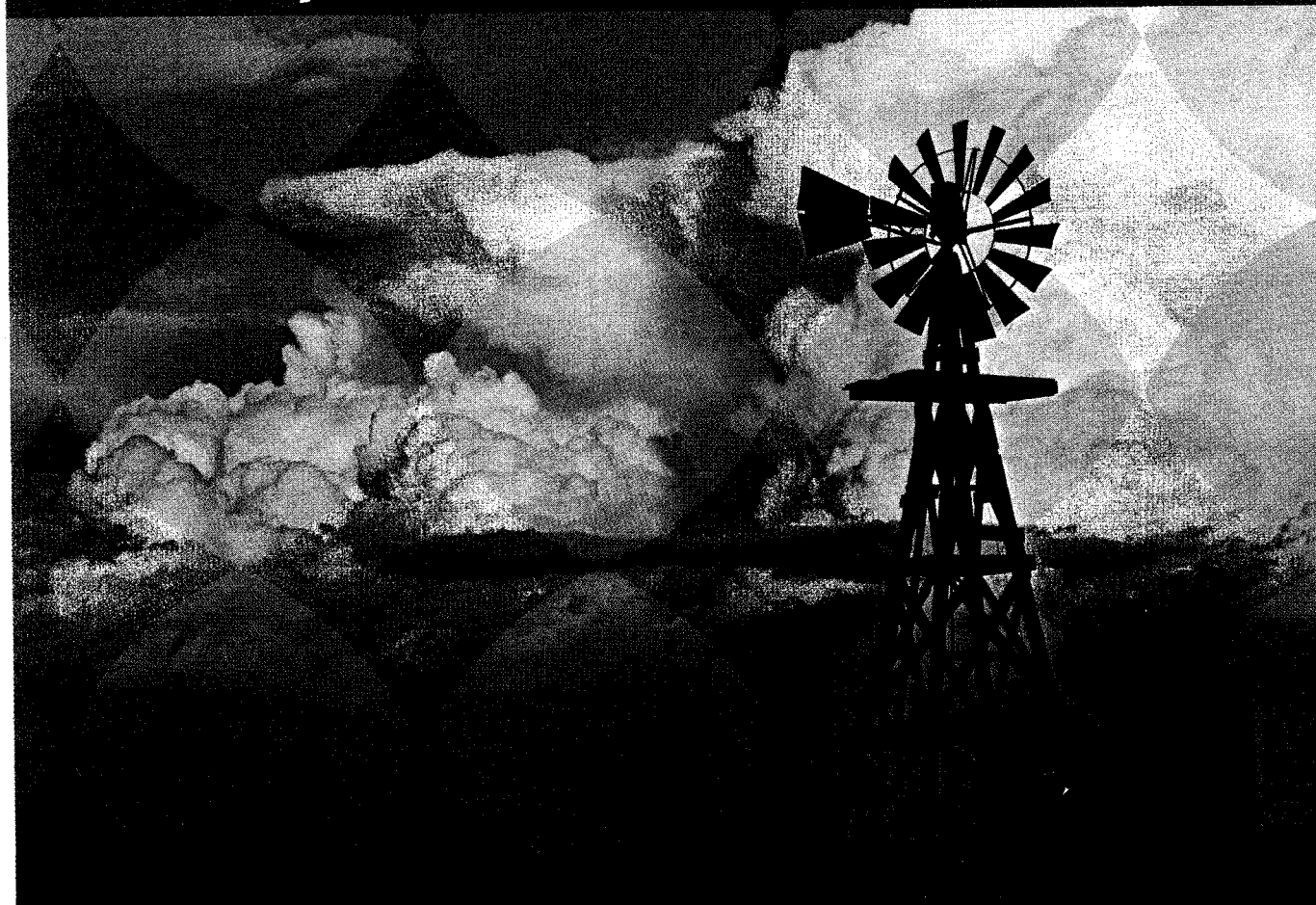
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